

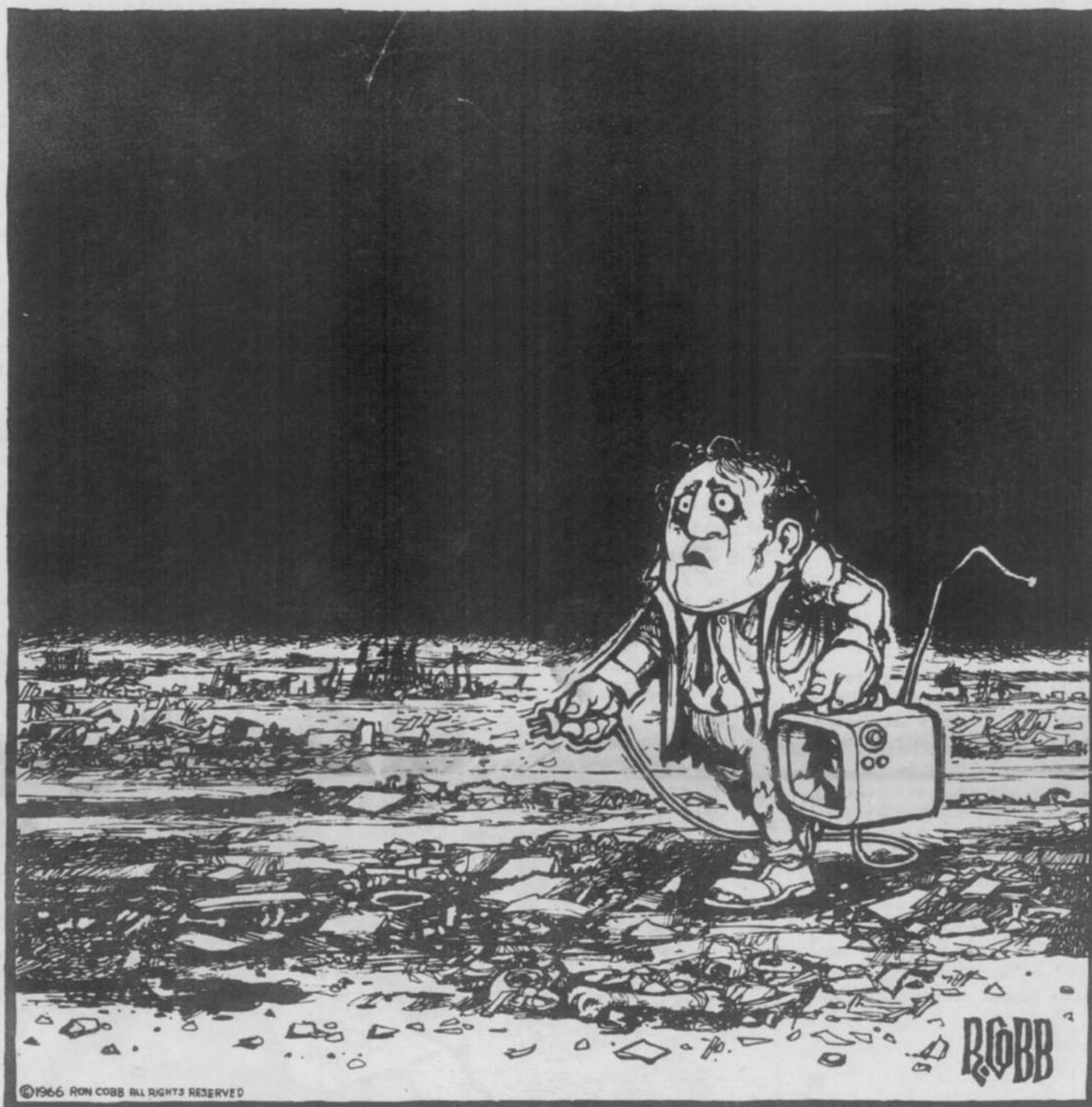
NEW VOICE FOR A FREE D.C.

THE D.C. GAZETTE

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IN THIS ISSUE



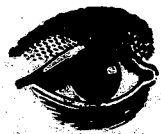
Latino Washington by Armando Rendon



The Dow Trial by Erbin Crowell



'The Damned' a review by Joel Siegel



EYE ON D.C.

NOW that lawyers are going to jail for defending their clients--i. e. Hirschkop here, Kunstler and Weinglass in Chicago--perhaps the liberal establishment will get off its rusty-dusty and face up to the reality that we're in a period of repression far more serious than the days of Joe McCarthy. The difference between now and then is, in part, that McCarthy directly confronted the liberals; eventually they roused their drowsy armies and put him to rout. Any man who takes on Harvard University, Dean Acheson, and the Washington Post has his hands full.

But today the victims are different: the Black Panthers, radical students, little-known powerless people attempting to exercise the right to be different, a specialist fourth-class resisting an involuntary call to kill. And the liberal establishment, with a few exceptions such as the indefatigable ACLU, is a no-show in the fight for justice.

Maybe the Washington Post can afford to sit awhile longer on the side-lines pompously tut-tutting the dissenters, forgetting the days when the forces of law and order were talking about "Pravda on the Potomac," but this luxury may not last forever.

Emboldened by their success with the 'radical fringe,' the Mitchells and the Agnews may turn on the polite liberals next. What's happening today is not an easy thing to stop once it gets rolling.

SOME people are saying that ecology is a cop-out, that people are falling for a diversionary tactic to take their minds off Vietnam. At the moment I don't think so. Political power is hard to build on a single issue, even one as overwhelming as peace. The environmental fight will draw new people into the struggle for national sanity and both the effort for peace and against pollution will benefit.

The acting chairman of the local environmental action group is Kathy King. The address is 917 15th NW, Room 406, and the phone number is 727-6650. The group has a newsletter. It needs funds. It needs volunteers.

THE League of Women Voters has launched a national campaign to win congressional representation for the District. The league has 1300 chapters made up of what may be the 50,000 women in America most likely to achieve whatever it is that they want to get.

For more information, contact the National Education Association.

Cines, the National Education Association.

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the National Democratic Committee, Board of Christian Concerns of the United Methodist Church, Americans for Democratic Action, B'nai B'rith Women, NAACP, American Civil Liberties Union and the National Association of Social Workers. If these groups mean what they say, we should see a pretty potent lobbying effort.

The only thing that bothers me about this drive is that some people may get the idea that giving us a congressman or two amounts to home rule. It doesn't come close and hopefully the League ladies will make this clear.

--SAM SMITH

Letters

MY husband and I are doing an investigation of two incidents which occurred over the Moratorium weekend in connection with the ThreeSisters Bridge demonstrations. One occurred at Prospect Avenue and 34th Streets, where three people were arrested in front of their houses. The other occurred at the corner of Wisconsin Avenue and N Street at about 5:30 p.m., when a girl and her boyfriend were attacked and beaten by CDU cops. Both of them ended up in the hospital.

If you have any information that could help us, please call 483-3830 and ask for Eric or Terry Arnold, or call 387-2062.

Terry Arnold
ACLU Fund

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One damned thing after another

JOEL E. SIEGEL

LUCHINO Visconti's The Damned (at the Playhouse) is one of the worst movies ever made by anyone, anywhere. I know that I can't possibly convey a full sense of its badness but for your sake and my own, I'm going to try.

Visconti has an inexplicable but considerable cult reputation both here and abroad although he hasn't really made a first-rate feature film in nearly twenty years. (He did direct The Job, the Romy Schneider episode of Boccaccio '70, with considerable style and feeling.) Visconti's supporters praise his films for their 'operatic' qualities; he is, in fact, a leading director of Italian opera. Visconti is operatic all right, but that's hardly grounds for praise. His actors aren't singing and so their florid, stylized gestures are laughable and out of place. It is nonsense to base an aesthetic upon opera without music---those absurd, melodramatic plots and overripe performances---but that's exactly what Visconti has done.

The director has spent the past few decades developing the same theme---that of family decay---over and over again in a variety of settings: in 19th century Sicily (The Leopard), in contemporary Volterra (Sandra) and in Milan in the 1950's (Rocco And His Brother.) These films, for all of their ambitiousness, proved to be overlong and awfully slow going; The Leopard drove more people out of theatres than any picture I can recall. In his next-to-last movie, an adaptation of Camus' The Stranger with Marcello Mastroianni, the director abandoned his flamboyant style and assumed the taut, tactful manner of the novel. The Stranger was not a success---it never managed to attain a life of its own---but proved to be more satisfying than Visconti's usual overwrought creations. All of that holding back must really have been rough for the director, for The Damned is the most camped-up and outrageously overblown work in the Visconti canon.

There certainly are family troubles in The Damned. The von Essenbeck family, industrialists modeled upon the Krupps, during the rise of Nazism in Germany, has more than its share of ups and downs. Young Martin, for example, likes to dress up as Marlene Dietrich for family theatricals and, before the film ends, he molests several little girls, consorts with whores and has a round of intercourse with his mother (in a variety of positions) before sending her to her death. Paralleling all of the incest, perversion and otherwise kinky activity is the growing involvement of the family in the Nazi cause and one naturally assumes that sooner or later these two themes will be related. But that's the film's major surprise. The Damned is not a work in which sexual perversion is seen as a metaphor for or extension of the sickness of Nazism, however much one supposes that's what Visconti may have had in mind. (And however much audiences might like to believe that boys who dress up in drag and make love to Mommy will turn out to be dirty Nazis.) The surprise is that Visconti is, instead, using Nazism as a metaphor for infected sexuality; that rather than becoming a study of the rise and causes of Nazism, The Damned is just using all of those swastikas as decor for a sexed-up family tragedy. If you are wondering about the sort of sensibility, which considers sexual appetite a more infectious disease than Nazism. . . . well, so am I.

Characteristic of Visconti's style, the interiors of the von Essenbeck house are heavy and rich, all polished wood and velvet. And each of the sequences enacted in the house, from the opening family gathering to the closing mock wedding, are conceived and staged as neo-operatic set pieces, emotionally elaborate moments demanding nothing

less than arias. Yet these big scenes are all shot with a twittering zoom lens, always slithering about the set in search of someone or something to focus upon. The most outrageous moment, as other critics have observed, occurs during a bedroom scene between Ingrid Thulin and Dirk Bogarde in which the camera, having wandered all over the bed, finally zooms in on a full-screen closeup of one of Miss Thulin's breasts. The spasmodic arbitrary camerawork makes no sense and is stylistically eras away from the sexed-up melodrama. It's almost as if somebody had decided to shoot a grand opera using the techniques of a Beatles movie.

After discovering that The Damned is about perversion and not Nazism, there remains still another surprise. It is not about the perversion it seems to be about. Martin (well performed, I guess, by Helmut Berger) is played as a homosexual in every scene but he never indulges in a single homosexual act. Halfway through the film, Visconti stops his story to present a twenty-minute re-creation of "the night of the long knives" when the S.S. murdered the homosexual officers of Roehm's brownshirts. This interpolated sequence has precious little to do with the fall of the family von Essenbeck; rather it serves as an opportunity for Visconti to create a lyrical interlude with muscular young men cavorting in lace panties. Still, no overt homosexual act is ever shown or even indicated. This in itself would not matter much, but when every other kind of sexuality is shown in loving detail, one wonders why the director has skimmed on what appears to be motivating his central character. I have a few ideas as to why this homoerotic film goes out of its way to avoid avert homosexuality, but I'm afraid that publishing them might be considered libelous.

The actors, some dubbed, all fighting atrocious dialogues, aren't very good but then what can one do when faced with such a campy, polyglot project as this one? Character

lotte Rampling (the bitch roommate of Georgy Girl) comes off best because hers is one of the few sympathetic characters. Dirk Bogarde tries hard but is defeated by dreadful miscasting. As an actor whose stock-in-trade is a sense of revulsion at his own sexuality (Accident, Justine), Bogarde just isn't convincing as a man driven by power and lust. Ingrid Thulin gives the film her very considerable best but Visconti's direction is too much for her to overcome. As but one example: to indicate her increasing moral degeneration, Visconti has her makeup grow chalkier and more masklike as the film progresses. In her final mad wedding sequence, Miss Thulin looks like Bozo the Clown playing Lady Macbeth. Another operatic touch, I guess.

The most interesting thing about The Damned is how it managed to end up on all of those 10 best movie lists. The audience I saw it with in Hollywood last month walked out cursing and jeering. Friends who have seen the film at its local Playhouse engagement (wild horses couldn't drag me to it again) tell me that audiences are equally disgruntled and come out issuing warnings to those waiting in line for the next show. Some of the critics who have praised the film are homosexuals which may or may not explain their selection. Others appear to be victims of the Ben Hur fallacy; it's so big and long and loud and awful that it must be great.

There is undoubtedly a great cautionary movie to be made about how a thing like Nazism managed to take place. Indeed, now with the Black Panther Massacres and the Chicago Seven trial and Spiro hushing up the press and the Mitchells in charge of justice, such a film could do a hell of a lot of good. But The Damned isn't that movie. Instead it's just another of Visconti's fool's operas about a mother-loving boy whose fondest wish comes true.

Fraudulent February

CHARLES McDOWELL JR.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one
Except February, which is endless.

WE first encountered the above flash of wisdom, by an anonymous author, in the editorial columns of the Washington Daily News some years ago. From year to year we have pinned the frayed clipping to the calendar as a warning of February's fraudulent pretense to brevity.

February really is a singularly terrible month. It chills body and mind, establishes a permanent low pressure area in the nasal passages, and depresses the spirit relentlessly and progressively.

Somehow February can make a sunrise melancholy and a sunset grim.

In truth, there aren't many actual sunrises or sunsets in February---maybe a half-dozen in the whole life sentence of the month. The rest of the time, February provides darkly brooding skies, rainstorms, snow, freezing drizzles, sleet and gales of trash paper and old oak leaves.

When there is a thaw, February is mud. The philosophical historian, Mike Houston,

tells us that February has been known since the Middle Ages as Mud Month.

The same authority has written that the old Anglo-Saxons called it Cabbage Month. He says that cabbage, being easy to store, "was the chief ingredient of the soups they used to sustain them against the cold."

It is typical of February that it would offer mankind in his adversity cabbage soup.

February does occasionally offer a few hours of sunshine, a warm breeze, a whiff of April. But February snatches it away within an hour or two, and substitutes a cold drizzle or a spontaneous blizzard, and in any case a pestilence of flu bugs.

The February flu has always existed; Asian flu is only the new name for it, a fad of medicine men frustrated by the mood of the month. The February flu picks off the members of the family one by one, punishes them for living in February, allows them to think they have recovered, and then fells them again before the cough syrup and chicken broth have been replenished.

There is nothing short about February but

(Please turn to page 14)



Photos by Roland Freeman

Latino Washington: it is as if we didn't exist

By Armando Rendon

WE are the newest wave of immigrants to America. We come here from the islands of the Caribbean, from the countries of the South American continent. We seek a new life, new opportunity.

Yes, we find these things, more of these things than we could ever expect in our home cities and villages. But we also encounter an unexpected harshness to life, such hate and distrust of us as we had never known. Having discovered new horizons of opportunity that we didn't even dream of before, we learn depths of frustration that surpass at times the causes which drove us here.

Only the most menial jobs are open to us--as laborers in the city's hotels and restaurants and as domestic servants. We work harder and earn less than anyone else. This is our opportunity.

Everywhere, so many of us cannot make ourselves understood. If we get lost in the city, if we are sick or injured, if we have an encounter with the police, the chances are very slim of our getting proper help and understanding.

Still we have survived, raised families here, and made friends. Others, friends and relatives, have come after us, driven as we were by the search for something better. Perhaps the life here is better, there are freedoms, comforts, friendships which we have come to appreciate. We have begun to build a community that has grown and started to affect areas of the city with its accents of speech and living.

El pueblo latino has also grown troubled. We are peoples of many countries, but a common language and customs bind us together, so that the troubles of raza, of our people, are common to all of us.

This alien country attacks our language and corrupts our traditions and hispano ways. We fall victims to the forces in the Anglo society which disrupt family life, inspire our children to dishonor their parents, malign the manhood of fathers and brothers, and depreciate our women who must work in subservience to people in large, expensive homes, or be forced to seek welfare.

We have suffered much, and sacrificed much for our children, but there are forces here which we cannot see, or have any way of controlling--it is as if we did not exist.

To be a vital part of the city's life--that is probably the most common theme which enters every conversation with latinos of the Capital area. This intense aspiration underscores the present ferment among many of the latino organizations, new and old, to force the city government to pay special heed to the problems and demands of our people.

The phenomenon which is now occurring is simply this: like other immigrant groups, latinos have come here seeking opportunity; they have come for good-paying jobs, comfortable homes, education for their children, the civil freedom which America preaches. But one opportunity, to be recognized as a people, has become as important as, and perhaps a prerequisite to, all the other expectations.

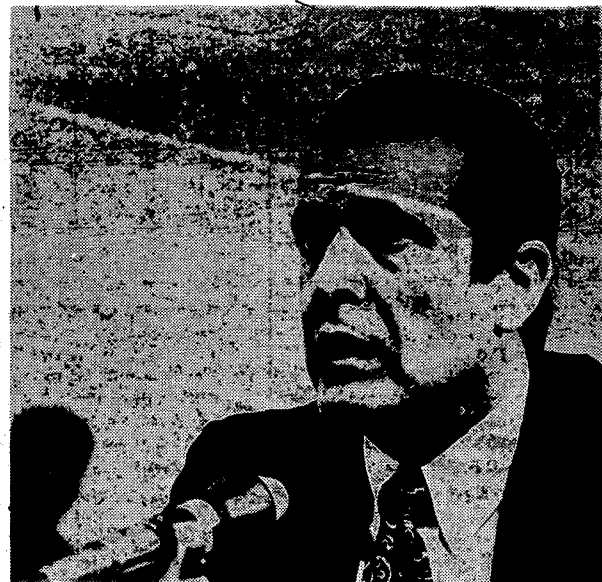
Latinos, some 50,000 in the District of Columbia and as many more in the suburbs, must endure the subtle oppression of indifference and isolation. But they no longer wish to endure; they seek to be dealt in when program funds are allocated, when political decisions are made, when the character of the city is portrayed, so that

not only its black and white composition is projected but that its brown, hispano accents also appear.

Community spokesmen insist that latino problems must be treated in certain ways, not apart from the regular framework of government and funding, but as an integral part. A few weeks ago, more than 200 people from the hispano community demonstrated their adaptation to political activism, U.S. style. (One of the principles of which requires mass turnouts at hearings--the more people show active concern, the easier it is for government officials to see that a problem exists. The establishment is only interested in seeing forests, as it were.) Raza from all over the hemisphere, including Mexican Americans from the Southwest, attended City Council hearings in January. City Council members were addressed with more respect than they were probably accustomed. It should have been a lesson as to the kind of people they were dealing with, hopefully a lesson not lost on them.

Nearly 50 persons testified before the councilmen. They pointed out that in every aspect of government and social interchange, in work or leisure, a barrier exists of suspicion, distrust, and indifference. At every turn it seems, the goal of fulfilling a dream, a hope, a want, is deferred by public officials or employers or clerks or policemen or a man on the street.

The latinos of Washington, DC are largely an immigrant group, people who have taken their lives in their hands to come here--thus they are not people who readily accept or seek handouts. They somehow believe



AMONG those testifying at last month's City Council hearings on the problems of Washington's Spanish-speaking community were: Carlos Rosario, left, head of a coalition of 12 DC latino groups; Gloria Muguerza, middle, long-time advocate of improved barrio youth and education programs; and Martin Castillo, right, President Nixon's specialist on Spanish-speaking affairs.

Voices

that through their labor and intelligence they will carve a life out of an alien ambiente, environment. The little bodegas, grocery stores, and the restaurants, the barber shops, a gas station, movie houses, and other enterprises bear Spanish names and are frequented by latinos--they are not tourist attractions but serve vital needs of la raza.

When they are approached by a non-hispanic social worker, they may be too proud to reveal their troubles, preferring not to expose themselves to someone outside el pueblo, which is essentially a term for the people as well as for neighborhoods where they live. Because many latinos do not have proper papers, either for working here or extending their stay or other reasons, the threat of deportation is a common source of fear, to oneself or to one's relatives or friends. Several times, immigration officials (whom Mexican Americans call "la nigra" from experience with the Immigration Service's Border Patrol) have come to my home in Mt. Pleasant seeking a latino to ask him a few questions. Of course, I have never known whom they're talking about.

Spanish-speaking immigrants can serve in the Army of the United States, by which they can earn citizenship, but although they can die for America whether they speak English or not, they cannot vote or get a job if they speak only Spanish or have a heavy accent. The most responsive program in the District to date, a six-week Spanish language course for twenty-three Anglo and Negro policemen, utilizes bilingual latino teachers who cannot get jobs in the public schools teaching Spanish or English to children. The 1968 summer youth program, which cost in excess of \$5 million, had not one penny for Spanish-speaking youth, who might be expected to have different interests in sports and entertainment than North American youths. The \$10,000 which was finally appropriated for a latino youth program came from supplementary funds. In seeking health, welfare, employment assistance or educational opportunities, latinos are the "outs"--even among the poor. While public agencies are ordinarily slow to respond to the needs of the poor and even less sensitive to human cravings for attention, recognition and respect, latinos experience greater indignities when they cannot even protest and be understood.

Such an avalanche of obstacles and experiences, which are common or become common knowledge in the barrio, result in an increasing degree of resentment--yet the latino will not simply return to his homeland or remain passive forever. Many have just endured too much and invested too much of their lives in the United States. Their social awareness is ever growing; their adaptation

to American style of politics and getting things done is spreading and improving. For example, among the most activist members of the barrio are the Puerto Rican and Cuban people. "If you scratch a Puerto Rican, or a Cuban, I've been told, you will find either a poet or a politician."

Latino organizations have urged city government to establish a Spanish Speaking Affairs unit as a special function of the city, to relate to the community and to the city agencies. The special unit is necessary because the ordinary agencies of government simply have not served the Spanish-speaking community; the job can be accomplished only through bilingual, bicultural people serving as intermediaries. Teaching us English will not solve the problem because there will always be more coming from the south to be taught and some, just like many Anglos, who will never adequately learn English. The democratic foundation of this country is predicated on the principle that people have a right to be what they want to be: there is nothing in the Constitution which prohibits this right on the basis of one's ability to speak English or to become exactly like everyone else. There is also the matter of prestige, a terribly important matter to the latino personality, which would be especially aided by raising the concerns of the city in the barrio to a formal status.

Practically speaking, a Spanish-speaking affairs unit should place real authority to make decisions, spend funds, and approve programs, hire and fire, in the hands of the barrio people, for such a unit would have to be one of the government's agencies most responsive to the people it serves. Therefore, both the appearance (for prestige sake) and the actuality would prevail.

The city fathers should not misconstrue the latino temperament as merely polite and passive. Several forces operate within the community, some more aggressive than others, but all with a passion for the people at heart. Some city officials, I would suspect, may probe for the community's weak spots, to play one group against the other. Thus, as in every raza community I've ever known, the factions which do exist and will

exist no matter what, must be aware of the power for ill-doing which any governmental body possesses, particularly one which serves at the favor of the President whose closest White House aides of Spanish descent are a Mexican house servant-couple in his San Clemente hacienda. At the moment the latino people must stand firmly united and vigilant, but they must not stand still, merely waiting for Council actions. There's much lobbying that can be done among sympathetic congressmen, some of whom have already voiced support. Barrio needs and problems should be ascertained through research programs--non-latino resources would be most appropriate in this regard. Specific information should be developed about health problems, housing and vocational training needs, small business development, etc.

More than two years ago a job offer in Washington prompted me to uproot myself and family from California. I felt something of an immigrant myself, moving al norte, into a different ambiente, where streets and cities, the restaurants, the familiar sights and sounds and smells of the barrios would be replaced by altogether alien forms of life. My hopes for meeting other Mexican-Americans were low, though many had invaded the Capital in response to Southwest demands for more Mexican Americans in government. My pessimism was disappointed.

I discovered that the embassies, the international agencies, the restaurants, had attracted many latinos, that in fact, a barrio had been created here.

It was not until my oldest boy entered first grade at Oyster School that the size and needs of the latino people became apparent. There were several children in every grade of the school who could not learn because the teacher could not speak Spanish. I believed then, and still, that the burden of communicating in the classroom must be borne by the teacher. It was obvious that the D.C. schools were incapable of adjusting themselves to the needs of Spanish-speaking children.

My initial cultural trauma subsided quickly when I realized the truly serious predicament



ment of raza in the D.C. barrio. Basically, hispano people here were treated as indifferently and rudely as Mexican Americans in the Southwest. Culturally, raza who have come to D.C. experience what thousands of Mexican Americans did who migrated to the northern states, the midwest, and the great lakes area: isolation, brutality, exploitation.

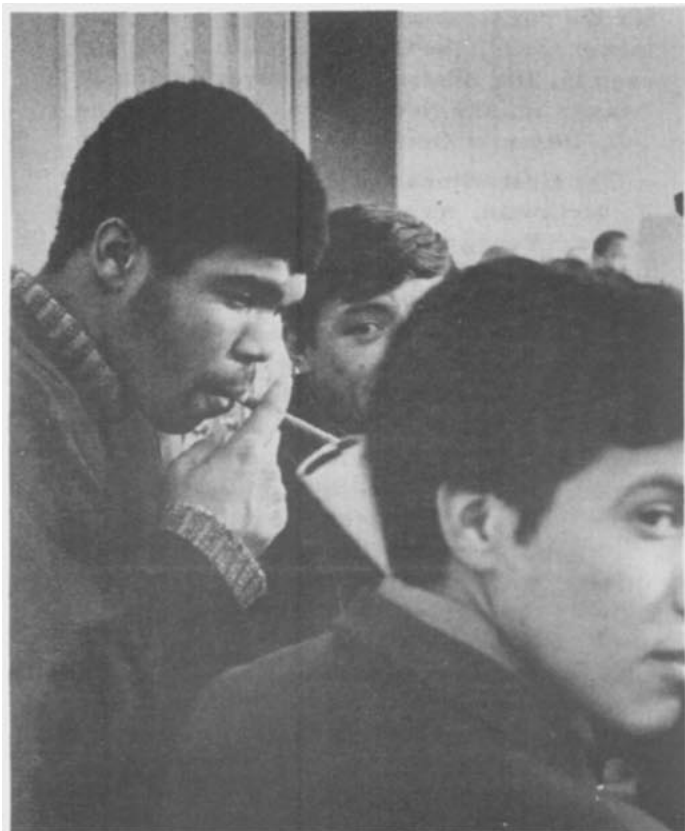
Latinos here have tried to create a bit of the raza ambiente as a matter of survival. But now there are just too many problems for internal resources to handle. Simply learning English does not solve problems which stem from one's Spanish surname, one's accent, or one's cultural differences. Machismo, manly pride, can sometimes

stand in the way of landing a job--say, where the supervisor is a woman, or heighten conflict in a home when the husband will not allow his wife to work. Personally, I would not change these interior cultural forces a bit, but Anglo society destroys more in people than it builds.

Equality for all, latinos find, is an empty phrase because it is to be carried out only in perfect English and if you become a pseudo-Anglo Americano. But equality should also mean that each person has an equal opportunity to be whom he wishes--to the latino that means retaining his language and as much as he can of his hispano way of life. At least the choice must be a free one either to

assimilate wholly the Anglo social patterns or retain latino ways, or perhaps blending the best of each.

America wastes the resources available to it from among its Spanish-speaking people. The Capital is full of goodwill ambassadors to Latin America, but standard U.S. policy toward Latin America prevails toward its latino immigrants. Latinos in the Washington area should know this at least--that they have many problems in common with Mexican Americans and Puerto Ricans of the United States, but, most importantly, that we share a common language, a culture--and a spirit of raza which is an overwhelming majority.



Photos by Roland Freeman

the dc nine have been convicted. now try to forget them.

erbin crowell

THE DC 9 broke into the Dow Chemical Co. offices last March in an attempt to communicate the exploitive, repressive, and morally indefensible war profiteering of Dow and other American corporations. They sang as they waited for police; they welcomed the opportunity to communicate through the courts; they risked a prison sentence to speak.

At their trial earlier this month, they spoke of the court as a classroom--one defendant asked that the jury be allowed to take notes as if what he had for them was not only evidence but lessons. The nine spoke with compassion and intelligence; they sounded at times like evangelists, at others like jurists. They expounded on human justice and theoretical morality and political sanity, and yet moved about like bright, glowing children. They stood before the bland oak fortress of the judge's bench with their arms around each other; they wept shamelessly in sorrow, in hope, in helplessness. Their irrepressible honesty confounded the court clerk who had sworn them "to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God," for they answered:

"Since this court does not tell the truth, I feel compelled to."

"My life is my truth."

"I cannot tell the whole truth, because the court won't let me."

During the closing days of the trial, minor officers of the court were apologizing to the defendants in private, asking their forgiveness. I'm only doing my job, they seemed to be saying, and I'm beginning to wonder why it never bothered me before now. "When are you going to quit this dehumanizing job and be free?" a defendant asked prosecutor Tom Green just before the jury brought in their verdict. "Soon," Green is said to have muttered, "very soon."

The verdict was guilty, but not of the main charge of burglary which must be supported by evidence of maliciousness or criminal intent. The jury, which was ushered in and out numerous times during the trial and which sat passively and expressionless through the week of testimony, objections and shouting, acquitted the Nine of burglary, finding them guilty of the lesser charges of illegal or unlawful entry and two counts of destruction of property.

"I know we feel that we have lost because several of us are in jail tonight," Ann Speltz told the small group of supporters who gathered at St. Stephen and the Incarnation for a wake for the death of justice the evening the trial ended. "But this is a joyous occasion. Today the jury refused to find our brothers and sisters guilty of entering the building with criminal intent. They understood that the action of the DC 9 was not malicious but joyful and hopeful and responsible. It means that the jury heard us as we talked about freedom and about life and about hope. It means they began to gain some understanding of our motives and realized that we act without criminal intent."

St. Stephen's was a theatre of a new society. The 9 and their supporters had met at the

church nightly for free vegetarian meals prepared by "this fella from Berkeley who just showed up and said I want to share with you my talent and my food." An array of prominent people were called or volunteered to come "rap" with the families and friends of the 9: Sen. Ernest Gruening, Art Waskow, William Stringfellow, Staughton Lynd. Pete Seeger returned from Russia where he had been trying to convince whaling captains that the great mammoths of the oceans should not be slaughtered into extinction. Seeger sauntered to the chancel asking people to move up closer with him, and as he ignored the audience to play a little tune for a three year old girl, someone marched out a church banner announcing in colorful patchquilt, "God you're beautiful."

The bearded singer stood awkwardly as applause showered him before he had sung a word. Seeger felt moved to speak about the issues of the trial and their relationship to his own joyous program to cleanse the Hudson river if only by displacing some sewage and industrial waste with his sloop Clearwater and his songs and friends. But he was more comfortable with his tunes and musical preachments: "If you love your Uncle Sam," he sang as he swung the microphone closer, "Bring 'em home, bring 'em home. Support the boys in Vietnam, Bring 'em home."

The leader of the American Friends Service Committee, Stewart Meechum, on another night thanked the audience for letting an old head speak. "We live in changed times," he said, "for consider that we are gathered here because some Catholics have accomplished the most radical action; the Episcopalians have given them a church to celebrate it, and an old Quaker stops by to congratulate them."

"We are gathered here not because some of our brothers and sisters are on trial," said theologian Harvey Cox, "but to begin to learn new forms of living together." After "raising the religiosity" of the occasion by asking everyone in the audience to turn and give a gift of some kind to a stranger, Cox announced that everyone was going to participate in an exorcism of the demons from the District Court. "Is there anyone here who doesn't believe in demons?" Cox asked. When two meekly raised their hands, he replied, "Well, we'll go on in spite of these two agnostics." He informed the audience that they each would need a religious object to assist them in the holy exorcism. Some took prayer books, some hymnals. There were beads and peace symbols, some raised their clenched fists. Ladies began trooping out with crosses of all kinds and designs: grass, wood, steel. A vestment depicting Christian self-sacrifice was handed Cox, who finally put it on. The ceremony began. Under the accumulated force of the Lord God of Hosts coursing through the minds and bodies of the congregation, arching out through the religious objects which rose in waves under the high rafters of the church, demons were driven out of the District Court (Out, Demons! Out!), the Congress, the judicial system, the Pentagon, out of Dow and other corporations (Out, Demons! Out!). Then Cox turned to seriousness, and called

for the purification of the DC 9, (Out, Demons! Out!), the Catonsville Nine, the Chicago 15, the Boston 8, the Silver Spring 3, Beaver 55, the New York 8, the Baltimore 4, Out, Demons! Out!.

The first witness in the trial was Charles F. McGowan, manager of Dow's Washington office. Young prosecutor Thomas Green entered into evidence photographs of the office, numerous plastic bags containing tape, paper, glass cutters, gloves, broken glass, peace posters, a crow bar, a hammer, and an empty bottle which had contained blood anti-coagulant--the Nine had given their own blood the night before the action and added the anti-coagulant before spilling it on Dow files.

Defendant Arthur Melville asked to cross-examine the witness but was refused by Judge Pratt. Previously, Judge Pratt had withheld the right of the defendants to represent themselves. "Are we also deprived of our right to cross-examine?" asked Rev. Robert Begin. "You may submit questions only through counsel," was the judge's reply. "But what about the precedent cited this morning in which Justice Burger spoke about the right of defendants to conduct cross examination?" defendant Robert Begin persisted. "Take it up in the court of appeals," Pratt replied. "May we take it up now?" continued Begin. "No." "Why not?" "I'm not going to give you any reason," said the judge. "Why not?" "Because the court doesn't have to," snipped Pratt. Sister Joann Malone, S.L., interrupted, "I would like to ask Mr. McGowan about the future of napalmed babies in Vietnam." "Sit down," shouted Pratt and he dismissed the witness.

The second prosecution witness was Rafael Miquel, Dow manager for Latin American affairs. He testified that he had been in the office on the morning of the action, and left it locked and in good order. Assigned defense counsel Addison Bowman rose to ask Miquel about Dow's holdings in Latin America. A prosecution objection was sustained by the judge. Mr. and Mrs. Melville mentioned that they had lived in Latin America as missionaries for seven years and could show the relevance of that experience and Dow's foreign investments to their action against Dow. Pratt refused to let them speak, abruptly dismissing the witness. "Don Miquel," Melville called out in Spanish as the Dow representative reached the door: "My brother, perhaps we will be able to talk to each other in another time." Miquel, stunned either by the Spanish words or the sincerity of Melville, stopped, turned, vaguely held his palms out in a faint gesture of helplessness and hung his head as he turned to go.

On Friday of the first week of the trial, as attorneys for both sides scrambled in and out of Judge Pratt's chambers, seven of the Nine marched out into the court building halls, singing together. They were back in their room before Chief Marshal Anthony E. Papa backed by several of his troops, could rush up to reprimand them.

Flowers were brought in by the defendants and placed on prosecution and defense tables as well as the judge's bench. Father Bernard Meyer and Catherine Melville rose to plead nolo contendere to the second count of

their indictment, destruction of Dow Chemical property. They explained that the court was oppressive and frustrating, that they felt the intense burden threatening their humanity and personality, and that they willingly offered themselves to be sentenced so that they could be spared this sham of justice. Pratt immediately found them 'guilty', and the two other charges were dropped.

"All I've heard for the last three days is shut up and sit down," Michael Dougherty, a Jesuit scholastic, told the judge as the trial of the seven continued. "We're not intending chaos or disruption; we're simply trying to inject some humanity into this technical judicial process." "We want to present to you the truths of our lives," added Joseph O'Rourke, another Jesuit on trial.

Bowman rose to give his opening statement. You've noticed, he said to the jury, that there are obvious differences between the defendants and their defense counsel and the judge. This is based on the defendants' desire to speak for themselves, because only they can speak for themselves. He asked the jury to consider the defense case closely in spite of the problems of delivery, "because what we are talking about is not just who did what, but why they did it. Their act was a means of communication with you the jury, with his honor and with the entire country. It intended to force us to face some ugly facts about this country and asks us 'Can we sit idly by in the face of the brutality of babies being burned produced by mindless corporations, exemplified, perhaps, by Dow Chemical?'" Bowman spoke very rapidly, preventing the prosecution from objecting quickly enough to the last of his sentence. What they did was not done in malice or hate, Bowman concluded, "but out of consideration for all mankind."

"My name is Joseph O'Rourke," the next opening statement began. "It's a beautiful spring-like day outside, but there is no spring, no life inside this court room." O'Rourke lamented the departure of Meyer and Catherine Melville, and then launched into what he hoped to show in his defense. We stand charged with three crimes, he said. One of them is burglary, to enter without permission and with malicious intent. But the defense will show that they did have the consent of those in whose behalf they confronted Dow--the poor and starving masses of the world. We did not intend to commit a crime, our intent was to stop crime, the crimes of napalm and defoliant and other war chemicals which violate international law. Isn't Dow really the criminal? Aren't their foreign exploitive investments really crimes? Shouldn't they be on trial? O'Rourke concluded by telling the jury that the break-in was an act of freedom, an assertion of humanity. "Will you be with me in freedom? We ask you to join with us, come and follow."

Sister Joann Malone began her opening statement, spreading photographs on the prosecution table which was immediately in front of the jury. Prosecutor Green objected that it was inadmissible to submit evidence during opening statements. When Judge Pratt sustained him and ordered the photographs removed, Sister Joann refused, saying, to Green, "You remove them." Green paled slightly as he called a marshal over. "Are you afraid to touch them, Mr. Green?" Sister Joann cajoled him gently. "There's no need to be afraid; they're only photographs of napalmed Vietnamese children, it won't hurt you to touch photographs." Green shrank back and waited for a marshal to remove the pictures. When Sister Joann attempted to talk about "the kind of cruelty that can burn children, that can defoliate half of Vietnam," Green again objected and Pratt again sustained him.

ON the last day of the trial, Rev. Robert Begin, under strict instructions from the court concerning what he could and could not mention from the witness chair stood before the jury and told a story. As accurately as it can be reproduced from reporter's notes, this is the entire testimony of the intense priest from Cleveland:

Once upon a time, in a land across the sea, there lived a judge, and he was a good judge, an honorable man and a Christian. He loved his family and his neighbors, and his family and neighbors loved him. He loved truth and justice, and he was highly respected in his profession.

Now, during the course of his years as a judge, the country got a new ruler, and the new ruler was not a good one. He did evil to the people of the country, and he asked the courts to assist him in his evil, and he asked the judge to do bad things.

Since the judge was a good man, he thought long and hard about what he had been asked to do. He asked himself, can I still be a good man and not serve justice? He finally decided that since he was a good man, he should stay in the evil court and try to save as many who came before him as he could, so he kept his job. And he sent some men to die, some to be sterilized, some to prison. And he went home knowing that he had saved one or two people from worse fates.

He told himself that it wasn't his fault, that the system was evil.

Then the evil ruler was deposed. And the judge was called in and judges were also called in to judge him. Victims of the judge--those who were still alive--were brought in, and they called him an unjust man. The judge replied that he had tried to do good within the system.

But the judges found him guilty.

This is a true story. It is the story of a judge who worked for Adolf Hitler in Nazi Germany and who was convicted in the Nuremberg Trials.

He was a good man, but he served an evil system because he was afraid to disobey rules, and he thereby compromised himself and justice. It is in a similar kind of country, before a similar kind of court, that I have had to do what I have done. I could go along with an evil system, but I have been forced by conscience to protest lies and injustice.

In a way, even to stand before you in such a court is to compromise myself and what I believe in. Therefore, I won't talk to you any more.

"Vietnam is relevant," shouted Art Melville. "If it is not relevant, then nothing is," added Mike Slaski. As the judge began to speak, a spectator stood: "This trial should not go on; it's illegal." As marshals moved in and began twisting and dragging the spectator out, Pat Chanel, a pert middle-aged lady on the defense research staff rushed to his aid. She was roughed up by marshals, one of whom succeeded in gaining a chokehold on her, lifting her from the floor. In a fantastic leap, Mike Slaski vaulted the barrier before the public gallery and was still sailing free in air when he hit Mrs. Chanel's choker. The quiet Father Begin also roared to her aid.

The courtroom was cleared by a team of black policemen. Outside, the crowd began to talk to the black officers: "How can you black men do this to us? This is the man's court, don't you see that? For years you were discriminated against and made janitors now you have badges, but you're still their lackeys. What's the difference? How could you do what you just did to a black sister? I hope you sleep well tonight. Go home tonight and look your wife stright in the eye and tell her you are a black man. Don't you realize that our struggle is the same as yours? We learned from your brothers and sisters in the South."

"I came from Nazi Germany, and I can tell you I saw no Jewish policemen." And the crowd began to sing to the tune of We Shall Not Be Moved:

All men are brothers.
Black and white together.
As long as babies die.
As long as napalm burns.
You and I are free.
As long as we have life.
Vietnam is the issue.
Power to the people.
People are the power.
Dow shall not kill.

Free political prisoners.

Free the police.

Free Judge Pratt.

Later, after court had reconvened just long enough to dismiss the jury, the DC 9 and their supporters stood before the locked doors of an empty courtroom, singing Kumbaya. Then some of the defendants led a group to the Dow offices in downtown Washington for a quiet demonstration marked by posters, leaflets and flowers.

On Monday morning, there were several marshals and more police at the doors keeping the public out of what was supposedly a public building. Some marshals said the spectators were merely being asked to wait at the outside door until the courtroom opened. One marshal seemed to have no specific orders: "I'm way down the totem pole, sir, you'll have to ask someone higher up."

Catherine Melville was turned away and could only enter at another door by pleading that she had to report to her probation officer. A marshal near the courtroom said Judge Pratt had ordered the entire building under full security; another at the west door said that there was a court order to exclude everyone from the building except employees of the court, the press and the family of the defendants. When asked how he could choose which of the crowd standing in the rain were family, he replied, "I don't have to tell you that. I don't have to tell you anything." When asked for his name, the marshal threatened to throw the questioner out the door.

At the south door, the marshal said, "Actually, anyone can be admitted if they have proper identification." He defined proper identification as proof that one had necessary business in the building. Allan Sheflin, a Georgetown law professor, member of the D. C. bar for the last three years and legal counsel in a class action civil suit against Dow, was refused entry. The marshal told him the orders came from Attor-

'There's no need to be afraid,' Sister Joann told the prosecution, 'they're only photographs of napalmed Vietnamese children.

It won't hurt you to touch photographs.'

ney General John Mitchell. Sheflin finally had to get in touch with Chief Judge David Bazelon of the Court of Appeals, in order to get in.

I was unable to find out who issued the order or indeed whether there was an official legal order. The chief and chief deputy marshals refused to comment as they ordered their charges about the halls. Pratt's clerk refused comment. The judge's secretary smiled innocently and said that no one was being kept out of the building. She later admitted it was happening, but said it seemed to be all right since it was being done without discrimination--even she was forced to stand outside ten minutes. An employee of the pre-trial examiner also waited in the rain.

Before the jury was called in, marshals allowed a full row of young men, variously described as friends of the prosecution, court clerks, and employees of the Justice Department, to be seated. Then the marshals allowed about three-fourths of the remaining seats to be filled with arbitrarily chosen spectators. Judge Pratt warned that any outbursts from spectators and any word from defendants would be met by summary contempt rulings and immediate commitment.

Michael Slaski was called before the bench and Pratt issued a contempt citation. He said Slaski had disobeyed him by refusing to sit down, by vaulting the rail and entering Friday's melee, and by entering into an altercation with a marshal. He told Slaski sentence would be deferred until the end of the trial: "You can continue to participate as long as you behave yourself." Slaski was not alone in speaking on Friday, and he was not the only defendant to come to the aid of their supporters; he is the only defendant with long hair.

Art Melville took the witness stand, greeting the jurors in Spanish as brothers and sisters. Then in English: "You have known from the beginning as we have known from the beginning, what the verdict will be. You have sworn to judge us as to facts and law. The court will not permit you to think individually about the legality of the law." When

Green objected and Pratt reprimanded Melville, he replied, "But your honor, I have sworn to tell the truth." After recounting his life and education and his experience working with poor people in Latin America and in this country against their oppressors, Melville brought up the story of another man who helped the poor and condemned the wealthy. Unable to find the story quickly in the King James' Version with which he had just been sworn, the Catholic priest told the story from St. Mark as he remembered it: A man who had been pronounced evil and therefore chained in a cemetery, called for Jesus to come help him. Jesus went to him and tried to help alleviate his pain by, in the symbols of the day, compelling the evil spirits to leave the poor man and enter into a large herd of pigs nearby. I submit, said Melville, that Jesus knew what he was doing--just as we knew what we were doing at Dow--that he knew what would follow. Jesus caused the evil spirit to reside in the pigs and because they were possessed of these demons, they ran over a cliff and were all killed. So Jesus, said Rev. Melville, was guilty of willful destruction of property, and at about \$50 a hog, quite a valuable piece of property at that. "Mr. Melville," interrupted Judge Pratt, "you've said quite enough." Then he allowed Melville to go on: "Jesus is saying that one man is worth more than mere property. He is saying that if saving one man requires the destruction of property, then you should destroy the property." He concluded: "I and my brothers and sisters feel that laws which support corporations and give them the right to take human lives and make a profit on it are unjust laws. And history will absolve us of any crime."

The last witness of the day spoke very briefly. "I am here in this court to tell my story," said Michael Dougherty, "but as of this morning, there is such a cloak of fear over the court room and my brothers and sisters are under such burdens and threats that I'm almost speechless. We are hopeful people who came to this courtroom thinking it was one of the last dwelling places of fair-

ness in the land. But there is no room here even for our voices.

"We hoped, among other things, by our action at Dow, to pose alternatives to this violent society, but this court itself has gotten too violent for us. We can neither stand nor speak without condemning ourselves to the custody of marshals."

The next morning, on what turned out to be the last day of the trial, Joseph O'Rourke began his testimony with a poem by Dougherty who had been married the night before to Barbara Shapiro. "I share his joy," O'Rourke said before the jury, "In spite of the death of this courtroom, once again we celebrate life." In the face of repeated objections and interruptions, O'Rourke tried to thread together the story of his life to make the jury understand that the action against Dow Chemical was not a departure but merely a logical extension of his religion and education.

He told how he had begun his work among men by trying to reform his own order, the Society of Jesus. Beginning with the principle that the rich should sell what they have before they seek the kingdom of heaven, O'Rourke discovered that the Jesuits have a stock portfolio amounting to over \$16,000,000, \$13,000,000 of which is managed by the Chase Manhattan Bank (which has formidable holdings in South Africa), and \$78,000 of which consisted of stock in the Dow Chemical Company.

"We had tried lots of ways to talk to Dow managers and executives and congressmen," O'Rourke said as he began to rephrase his testimony at the admonition of Judge Pratt. "But none of these people were ready to change, so what came to be called the DC 9, decided to emulate classical historical means of communication, such as the Boston Tea Party, such as Jesus' attack on the money changers in the temple, such as the example of the illegal underground railroad which carried escaped slaves out of the South to freedom in Canada. Our act was not violent," he told the jury, "because violence can only be perpetrated against persons, and the property which was destroyed

BRAVE NEW WORLD

A NEW food franchise is seeking outlets around the country. It's called Alice's Restaurants, Inc. According to promotion material, Alice's Restaurant offers "basic wholesomeness, pure Americana and nostalgia wrapped up in an atmosphere of warmth, conviviality and informality."

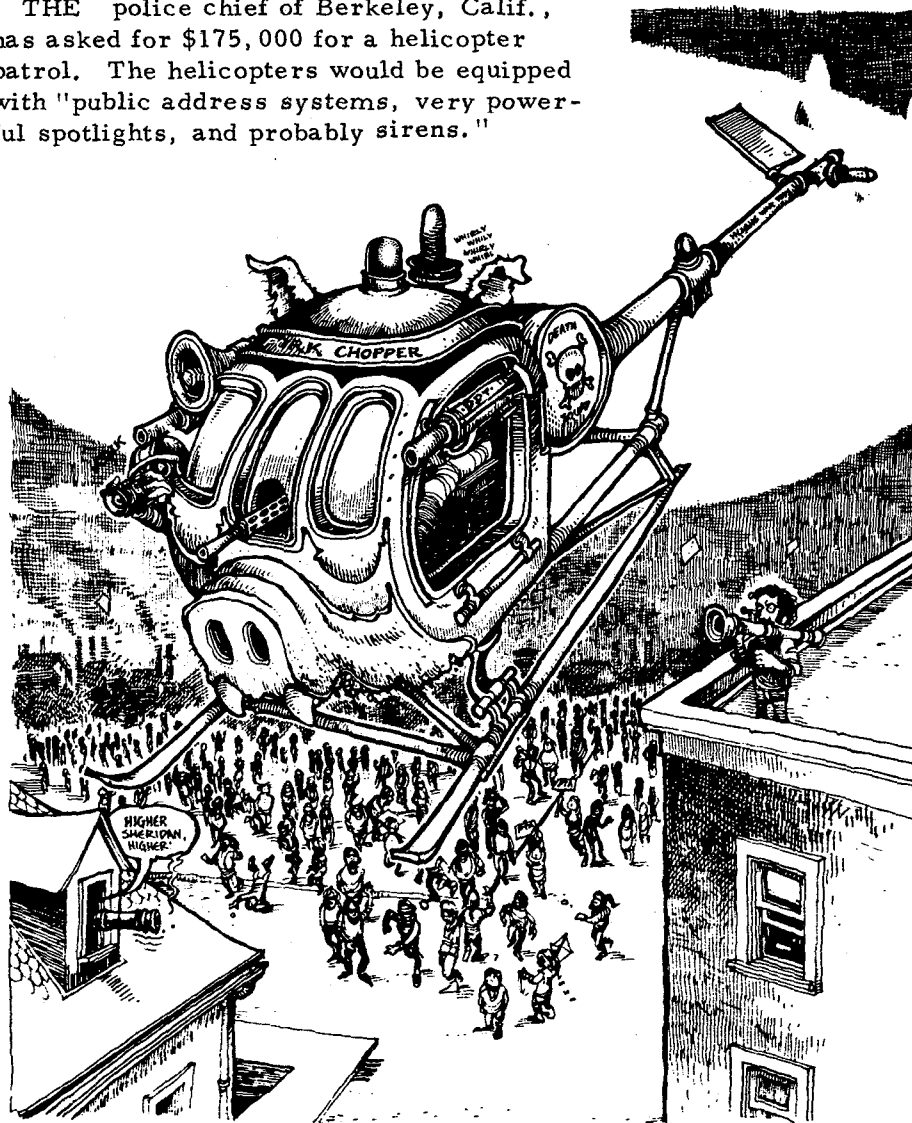
DC GOP National Committeeman Carl Shipley complains that Councilwoman Polly Shackleton "tends to perform like she's been elected by somebody."

EMPLOYEES in the Office of Economic Opportunity have been told to stop using the term "poor." Instead, they are to refer to "low-income individuals." WTOP-TV's Frank Mankiewicz suggests changing the inscription at the base of the Statue of Liberty to "Give me your tired, your low-income individuals. . ."

MORE than a hundred DC Public Health Department employees recently went out to Ft. Meade to be exposed to tear gas as part of a one-day training course. Said a Health Dept. spokesman: "Tear gas is being more frequently used as a deterrent in the ever-increasing number of mass demonstrations, and it is hoped that employees receiving the training will be able to share information with their fellow workers."

POLICE recently arrested 700 black students at a Mississippi college for holding an unauthorized meeting.

THE police chief of Berkeley, Calif., has asked for \$175,000 for a helicopter patrol. The helicopters would be equipped with "public address systems, very powerful spotlights, and probably sirens."



BERKELEY TRIBE/LNS

had to be destroyed because it exists to hurt rather than help people.

"It is the same with a law. If a law is unjust, you must disobey it. 'It's not just that you have the right to disobey or the opportunity to disobey a bad law; you have a responsibility to do so; you must--as a Christian and as a citizen.'"

Judge Pratt informed O'Rourke that his statement was concluded, but the defendant tried quickly to finish: "If you knew what we knew about Dow and shared our moral principles, you would have done the same."

"The question before you is this" O'Rourke told the jury, "If you were Pilate, would you convict Jesus for disrupting the temple and destroying the money changers' property?"

After instructions from Pratt about what she could and could not say to the jury, Sister Joann Malone announced; "John Pratt has just said that I may not speak to the issues. He won't even let me show you graphically what moved me to go to Dow." Pratt silenced her. Arthur Melville rose to speak and was immediately cited for contempt. The jury witnessed the contempt charge and prosecutor Green had to remind the judge that the jury shouldn't observe such proceedings. Mike Dougherty stood with Melville and was likewise cited. Then as Dougherty and Melville were being taken to the cellblock, a spectator, Frank Lalley, S.J. of Woodstock College, spoke: "I would like to stand with Mr. Dougherty."

"Bring him here," Pratt said, then: "Wait a minute. Sit down, sit down. Now, bring him here!" Court was recessed, the room cleared except for Lalley standing before the bench. Pratt's clerk asked Lalley to leave voluntarily. When he didn't, he was ejected by marshals--from the courtroom and the building.

In the hall, O'Rourke cautioned supporters of the consequences of standing in the court. Bowman advised them of what they could expect, and Sister Joann told spectators to follow their own consciences, "I can only advise you to each make a sensible human decision. But remember, no matter what happens back in there, we win. It is obvious that the court can't win, for it is not human and has shown that it is not able to deal with moral questions."

As court reconvened, a marshal opened the cellblock door off the courtroom and evidently asked Dougherty and Melville if they wished to return. Melville's voice: "No, I can't go back. Tell the judge that it's a matter of conscience." Defense attorney Philip Hirschkop, before the jury returned, expressed to Pratt the difficulty of proceeding with the defense case: "You have said we can't talk about Dow or Vietnam, and these were the motivations for the defendants' acts. You have muzzled the defendants."

"Do you care to repeat that, Mr. Hirschkop?"

"The defendants are muzzled, Judge. We have called many witnesses, but in light of the rulings here, they would not be allowed to testify."

The jury returned, and Pratt informed them that Dougherty, Slaski, and O'Rourke (he meant Melville) had chosen to remain in the cellblock but could return "when they think they can behave themselves. But we are going to proceed with this trial, willy nilly."

Rev. Robert Begin took the stand and stood before the jury to tell a story from Nazi Germany and the Nuremberg trials with fairy tale simplicity. After relating the story to the present trial, he stepped down as Tony Meyer, a Jesuit theology student from New York rose: "I stand with Begin. I cite this court for contempt. There can be no justice here." Meyer was ejected from the building. During a long bench conference, as the four remaining defendants talked quietly, a marshal marched over to them and admonished them to "maintain the same decorum in the court as in church."

The defense rested and prosecutor Green summed up his case, adding, "Their views and actions are not so much the result of courage but of arrogance. Their good intentions are not relevant."

Bowman replied for the defense that the 9's action was an act of civil disobedience in the great tradition, a communicative act not

unlike those of Jesus, Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Boston patriots who maliciously destroyed tea. The defendants, said Philip Hirschkop, "never claimed courage. The only thing they have said is, 'We are moral men.'" William McDaniel reminded the jury that the government must prove malice for the burglary charge to stick. Prosecution had a final word, and the judge began to charge the jury.

Judge Pratt spoke extensively about legal specifics. He explained unlawful entry as a possible lesser charge than burglary: unlawful entry does not require malicious or criminal intent as does burglary. Then Pratt's voice, which had been often almost inaudible during the course of the trial, rose several decibels as he warned the jury: You are not trying the Vietnam war. Vietnam is not the issue, nor the United States government or ideas or corporations or individuals or society. There can be no possibility for freedom or equal opportunity in an atmosphere of criminal behavior, Pratt said. The Constitution does not protect, as a form of symbolic speech, destruction of property. And motives are irrelevant. It is no defense

that the act was to protest the Vietnam war or the activities of Dow Chemical Co. And he concluded that sincerity or religious motive does not carry immunity from prosecution.

The jury reached their verdict in less than 45 minutes: on the first count of second degree burglary, not guilty; on a lesser charge of unlawful entry, guilty; guilty on both counts of destruction of property. Judge Pratt was obviously upset. He revoked bond and forced the defendants to spend the night in jail by requiring a written motion for setting new bond. Then he called defense counsel Philip Hirschkop before him. He ordered the attorney to appear at 3:00 the next day to receive a contempt certificate. When Hirschkop asked to know the basis for the charge, Pratt replied that he would not be informed until the hearing. The next day Pratt rejected a motion to postpone the proceeding until Hirschkop had a chance to study the charges against him. "We're going to act on this right now," said Pratt, and he sentenced Hirschkop to 30 days in jail. The sentence has been appealed. The DC 9 will be sentenced shortly.

THE PRESS

Hamlet as comedy

THOMAS SHALES

ONE day Damon Runyon, Jr. called me up to say he was going to jump off the P Street Bridge and, presumably, kill himself. Nobody had told me how sick and paranoid Damon was, so I thought it was one of his morbid jokes. It wasn't. He jumped.

Along with much of what happened during my 2 1/2 years, and Damon's five months, with the DC Examiner, that day is not much more than a sad blur now. The Examiner is dead--like the wicked witch of the west, it is "not merely dead, but really most sincerely dead"--and it was never very alive. When it came to obstacles, after all, we had the biggest possible: O. Roy Chalk was our publisher.

At first, the idea of working for Chalk intrigued me; here was the most villified man in Washington, I thought, and anybody so denounced had to be at least interesting. And Chalk was--for awhile. He would phone us from Paris to hear the front page headline. He would fire people at less than a moment's notice, only they weren't fired because that was just his way. He would be lavish and extravagant at one point and cripplingly frugal somewhere else.

Chalk's silliest whim would become official policy. After he'd spent an evening doing the town of New York with Walter Winchell, Winchell became our "Associate Editor," a meaningless title he held until the end. Chalk also launched a far-fetched scheme to make The Examiner a "megapolitan newspaper" for the entire east coast.

When Walter Winchell first came in contact with The Examiner, it was young and innocent and so were we, the staff. We were so damn innocent; we thought Chalk was pretty brave to start a newspaper while others were dying (and, it has to be said for him, it was something hardly anybody else was willing to do); we even worked a few weeks for nothing--that's innocence for you. On a Saturday afternoon we huddled around telephones in the still unconverted DC Transit offices on M Street because WALTER WINCHELL HIMSELF was on the line.

We listened in as Winchell virtually begged our editor to run his column in The Examiner; he kept saying how some very important doctors had decreed he didn't have "the big C" after all, and how much he wanted to have his column read in DC. It was a sad old man pleading for an audience. Eventually, we stopped listening. We were getting depressed as hell.

Winchell didn't visit The Examiner often. Once when he was walking past my desk he noticed a poster on the wall; it was Sister Mary Corita's graphic design around the

Camus quotation, "I should like to be able love my country and still love justice" and I'd pasted it on an unused headline that told of more troops going to Vietnam. Winchell looked at it and grumbled something to his pretty young secretary. "A nun did that," I told him, assuming that would be an adequate defense in his eyes. "A nun, huh?" Then he left.

On a Monday morning soon after, I came to work to find that the poster was gone. I was sure that Chalk had taken it down during one of his infrequent visits over the weekend. We didn't see much of Chalk then, either, but when we did, we were moderately charmed. One night he appeared in the doorway in a beautiful brown leather coat; I think that coat is the single thing I ever admired about him.

Our editor had assured us when the paper started that Chalk was a liberal Democrat, but it's really doubtful the man has any political convictions; he's a celebrity freak, that's all: LBJ happened to be in power, so he loved LBJ. Chalk took great delight in sending Examiners to the White House, and once told the editor to "make sure Shales didn't write anything that might upset the President this week." His delusions of political grandeur for himself and the paper prompted him to declare at one point that "from now on, The Examiner is going to be the President's right arm in this town."

That was part of the reason for the paper's failure, of course; Chalk was always changing its identity. First it was a local paper, then a megalopolis paper, then a political tract and then, as Women's Wear Daily noted, it assumed the look of "death and tax write-off." The history of the paper can probably be divided into three eras. During the first, we all held onto the belief that some day it would be a daily. During the second, we hoped merely that it could make it as a weekly. During the last, we rushed to the banks with our paychecks each week because we knew that this issue could be the last. That period started in January 1969, when Chalk obliterated the staff, cut the paper down to a flimsy twelve pages (later 8) and lost most of his personal interest in it.

If Chalk had stayed out of the editorial side from the beginning, of course, The Examiner would have had a better chance. But he insisted on writing ludicrous headlines like "Humphrey winning" and "Nixon scared," making abrupt and unreasonable demands like suddenly deciding there had to be fifteen UPI pictures in the centerspread (to copy the New York Daily News), and once waved a dement-

(please turn to page 18)

WHAT'S HAPPENING

city affairs

CITY COUNCIL

THE DC Council continues public hearings on the budget on Feb. 24 and 26 with testimony from DC officials. Additional hearings for public testimony may be held on Feb. 23, 24, and 25. Written statements concerning the budget should be forwarded to the Secretary of the Council, Room 509, District Bldg., 14th & E NW, (20004), prior to Feb. 27. Copies of the budget are available in Room 411 of the District Bldg.,

THE City Council meets on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

HEARINGS

THERE will be a public hearing March 18 on the proposed realignment of a portion of mid-city Metro route.

The hearing will be held in the Council Chambers at the District Building, beginning at 8 p.m. Persons wishing to testify must notify the Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Authority (484-2631) by March 13.

Effect of the proposed revision would be to divert the subway north under 7th Street west beneath U Street and north again under

14th Street. The change would also add stations serving Federal City City College and the Shaw Area.

Both the original and proposed revised routings would be completely underground. Cost of the suggested change is estimated at \$2.8 million, to be financed by the D.C. government.

THE Zoning Commission meets March 11 at 10 a.m. in room 500 of the District Building, 14th & E NW, to consider the following proposals:

Case 69-33: A hotel of approximately 700 rooms with associated public areas, commercial spaces and underground parking, at 50 Mass. Ave. N.W.

Case 69-34: A complex of 475 apartments and 25 atrium and townhouses in the 4200 block of Mass. Ave. N.W.

Case 70-4: Application to amend order of approval given to residential complex at East Capitol Sts., Southern Ave., and 58th SE, in order to provide for expanded community facilities.

THERE will be hearings on March 24-25 in room 532 of the Federal Trade Commission, 6th & Penna. Ave. NW, on a rule to make it illegal for food stores to advertise specials without making sure they are available in stores. This proposed rule grew, in part, out of practices by chains in D.C.

THE Community Recreation Advisory Board will hold its annual community meeting to consider requests for public recreation needs in connection with preparation of the 1972 budget.

There will be two meetings: Feb. 25 at 3:30 p.m. and Feb. 26 at 8 p.m., both at the Melvin C. Sharpe Health School, 13th and Upshur Sts., NW.

WASHINGTON Women's Liberation will hold women's hearings on the Pill on Saturday, Feb. 28. Women experts and users from Washington and around the country will testify on their knowledge and experience with the Pill and other forms of contraception.

For more information contact D.C. Women's Liberation, 232-5145 or write P.O. Box 13098, T Street Station, Washington D.C. 20009.

THE House Select Committee on Crime will hold public hearings on crime in the Washington area on Feb. 25, 26, 27, and 28. Committee chairman is Rep. Claude D. Pepper, D-Fla.

MEETINGS

THE Democratic Central Committee meets Mar. 10 at its offices at 1009 13th NW at 8 p.m. The next meeting will be on Apr. 14 at 8 p.m. at the same location.

THE Emergency Committee on the Transportation Crisis, coordinator of the local anti-freeway struggle, meets every Thursday at Brookland Methodist Church, 14th & Lawrence NE.

THE Union of Radical Political Economists holds a conference at American University beginning at 10 a.m. on Feb. 21. Discussion will focus on cooperation in movement research. Registration fee is \$1.

FEBRUARY 26 has been set as the tentative date for a meeting of all Washington area peace groups.

the arts

WHO	WHEN	WHERE	INFO
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STAGE

MAN FROM LA MANCHA	thru Feb. 28	National Theatre	
THE CHERRY ORCHARD	thru Feb. 21	Arena Stage	638-6700
MARCEL MARCEAU	Feb. 20-22	Constitution Hall	393-4433
ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE	Opens Feb. 25	Wash. Theatre Club	265-4700
HADRIAN VII	Opens March 2	National Theatre	
THE CHEMMY CIRCLE	Previews Feb. 26	Arena Stage	638-6700
THE FANTASTICKS	Previews Feb. 19	Ford's Theatre	347-6260

MUSIC

LEONARD PENNARIO	March 1	Constitution Hall	NA8-7332
DAVID BAR-ILLAN	March 3 & 4	" " "	" " "
JOSE FELICIANO	March 7	U of Md.	
MARTHA ARGERICH	Feb. 28	Constitution Hall	393-4433
SHERRILL MILNES	March 8	" " "	" " "
JULIAN BREAM	March 7	Lisner	
ARTURO MICHELANGELI	March 15	Constitution Hall	" " "
THE OPEN WINDOW	Feb. 21	" " "	NA8-7332
ANTAL DORATI & THE STOCKHOLM PHILHARMONIC	Feb. 22	" " "	" " "
NEW YORK PRO MUSICA	Feb. 28	Lisner	393-4433
SOLISTI VENETI	Feb. 21	Constitution Hall	393-4433
PHILADELPHIA STRING QUARTET	Feb. 27	Library of Congress	393-4433
JAMES BROWN	Feb. 22	U of Md.	483-9809
CLANCY BROTHERS	March 16	Lisner	

NIGHTCLUBS

JOHNNY MATHIS	Feb. 24-28	Shoreham	234-0700
SHIRLEY BASSEY	March 3-14	" " "	" " "
JIMMY MC PARTLAND	thru Feb. 28	Blues Alley	337-4141
CHARLIE SHAVERS	March 2-21	" " "	" " "
MABEL MERCER	Feb. 23-March 2	I'm Tony	
MODERN JAZZ QUARTET	thru Feb. 21	Cellar Door	337-3389
CHARLIE BYRD	Feb. 23-March 7	" " "	" " "
ETCETERA V		Mr. Henry's G'town	337-4334

DANCE

VILLELLA GISELLE	March 14	Lisner	DU7-5544
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GUARDIAN/LNS

WHAT'S HAPPENING

THE 60TH annual banquet of the DC Federation of Civic Associations will be held on March 14 at the Mayflower Hotel. Cocktails and reception will be at 6 p.m. Tickets are \$10 each and checks, payable to the federation, should be mailed to 3407 Highview Terrace, SE (20020).

THE National Lawyer's Guild Convention, at the Hotel Sonesta, Thomas Circle NW, will present a panel discussion on repression on Feb. 21 at 3 p.m. Rep. John Conyers will moderate. Dean Paul Miller of the Howard Law School will discuss preventive detention laws; Pat Samuel will discuss anti-crime legislation; other topics include wire tapping, eavesdropping and contempt proceedings against lawyers in criminal cases.

Also on Feb. 21, there will be discussions on women's liberation, employment options for political lawyers, military law, and black liberation and southern Africa. David Hilliard of the Black Panthers will be guest speaker at lunch, (tickets: \$3.50).

On Feb. 22, topics include the revolution in legal education and new efforts in organizing the poor.

Registration is \$5. Info: 547-1606.

CLASSES

FEDERAL City College has started an income tax institute to aid people in filing their income tax returns. The classes are held on Thursdays from 7 to 9:30 p.m. and on Saturdays from 10 a.m. to noon at the Capitol East Community Organization, 1500 East Capitol St. Persons with gross annual incomes of less than \$9,000 interested in tax assistance should contact Dr. Andrew Taylor, 547-0630 or 547-1908.

FEDERAL City College has started courses by telephone. Called Mini Lessons, the three-minute recorded lessons can be listened to by calling 737-5510 anytime, day or night. February's lessons concern Wise Food Tips, March's subject is Clothing and Fashions. A related self-learning kit is available for those interested by calling 347-6597.

FEDERAL City College is offering an informal seminar on the history of black America. The classes are being held on Wednesday evenings from 7 to 9 P.M. at the Capitol East Community Organization, 1500 East Capitol St. N.E. If interested, or would like further information, contact Dr. Andrew Taylor, Associate Dean of Community Education, at 638-2853 or Beth Berkeley or Linwood Chatman of the Capitol East Community Organization at 547-1908. No fee.

MISC.

THE first Soviet photo exhibit in the U.S. is currently on display at the Sheraton-Park Hotel through March 5. Included are some 1000 photos by some 400 photographers, both professional and amateur.

CLERGYMEN and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam and the Fellowship of Reconciliation are conducting a Lenten - Passover peace vigil in front of the White House through April 27. Antiwar sympathizers are invited to participate.

THE D.C. Commission on the Arts is accepting applications for financial grants in Fiscal Year 1971 through March 1. Those who wish to apply may write the commission at the Munsey Bldg., 1329 E NW, Room 543, 20004. Telephone: 629-5123 or 629-5124.

THE Washington Journalism Center is seeking candidates for its fellowship program. Ten of the grants will go to young newsmen or students who have had experience as reporters or editors. Ten will be given to young blacks interested in news careers and will be open to those without professional experience. Applications may be obtained from the center, 2401 Va. Ave. NW, 338-4100. They must be submitted by April 1.

THE city's Department of Finance and Revenue offers taxpayer assistance from 8:15 a.m. to 4:45 p.m. weekdays in room 5140 of the Municipal Center, 300 Indiana Ave. NW. Beginning March 7 through April 11, this service will be provided on Saturdays, from 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. in room 2053 of the same building.

A SCHOOL system "community line" has been established to supply information which is not available from an individual school. The line is open from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. weekdays. Telephone 737-7474.

THE Central Library at 8th & K NW has 2000 educational films for loan to city groups. Subjects include art, personal and social problems, drug abuse, world history, and Afro-American culture. For a sample list, call 783-4492.

COMPLAINTS about rats should be made to the Health Information and Referral Center, 629-3776.

A TOTAL eclipse of the sun will pass along a path about 100 miles away from Washington on March 7. The effect of the eclipse will be to produce two minutes or so of near total darkness in Washington about 1:35 p.m.

LATE LISTINGS

THE Washington Technical Institute is now offering high school equivalency examinations. The tests will be given at the campus, 4100 Conn. Ave. NW, on a biweekly basis to groups of ten or more. Applicants must be at least 18 years old, city residents and must have been out of school at least one term. Call Paul Collins, 629-7419 or 629-7646.

THE Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Commission has ordered a public hearing on a request by DC Transit to cut down on the frequency of its center-city minibus service. The hearing will be held at 10 a.m., March 9, at the commission's office, 1625 Eye NW.

THE Commission is also moving towards public hearings on the question of "fair fares" for different categories of bus riders. Evidence suggests, for example, that the poorer bus riders are actually subsidizing less profitable suburban runs. The commission has set a conference for March 2 at 10:30 a.m. as a preliminary to public hearings. Participation will be limited to those who file petitions by Feb. 27 at the commission office, 1625 Eye NW.

capitol hill day school

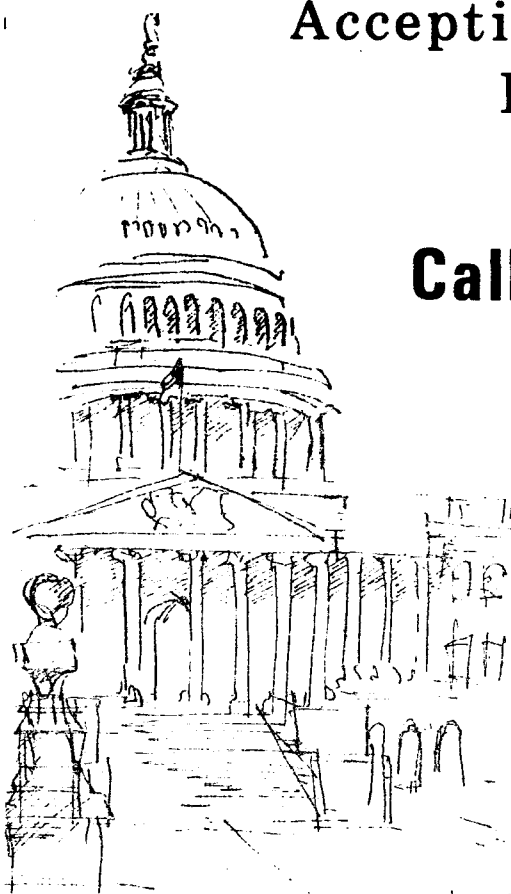
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BY MALCOLM KOVACS

Nixon's the one (not us)

PRESIDENT Nixon has all the powers which Americans associate with a colonial ruler when we study other countries: Nixon appoints the chief executive, legislative, judicial and military authorities in the city. Those powers not held by the President are exercised by the even more conservative and authoritarian-minded District Committees, especially the House District Committee. Moreover, Nixon seems rather uninterested in transferring any of his powers to a popularly-elected or controlled city government. He has pushed hard for his South African-style police and court measures for the District, but has done almost nothing for home rule. (Congressman Brock Adams has been fighting in vain to get House District Committee action on Nixon's weak proposals for a charter study commission and for a non-voting delegate in Congress.)

Royce Hanson's 1967 study of "The Anatomy of the Federal Interest" spells out the powers of Presidential appointments in D.C. Since then little has changed for the better.

Presidential Appointments in D.C. and Related Agencies

1. The President's Advisor for National Capital Affairs
2. The Commissioner of D.C. (Sometimes called "the Mayor.")
3. The Assistant to the Commissioner (alias "Deputy Mayor")
4. 9 Council members
5. 2 Public Service Commissioners
6. 5 members of the National Capitol Planning Commission (NCPC)
5 of the other 7 ex-office members are also Presidential appointees.
7. 2 Directors of the Redevelopment Land Agency (RLA)
8. 7 members of the Fine Arts Commission
9. Adjutant General of the National Guard
10. US Court of Appeals for D.C. Circuit
11. US District Court for D.C.
12. Municipal Court of Appeals
13. Court of General Sessions
14. Juvenile Court
15. Armory Board
16. US Attorney for D.C. and his assistants
17. Federal members of the Interstate Commission on the Potomac River basin
18. Federal Marshalls for D.C.
19. D.C. Register of Wills
20. Board of Trustees of Washington Institute of Technology.

McDOWELL Cont'd

FROM PAGE FOUR
the temper of man.

February is the month of the broken snow shovel, the expiring automobile battery, the paranoid furnace.

February is when the bus is late, the glove is lost, the galosh disappears, the bank balance is fouled up, the Christmas creditors get testy, the children get cabin fever, the cat has nightmares, the milk freezes, the dessert doesn't jell, the snow tires run square, the basement floor blows open and frightens both the edgy cat and the psychotic furnace into running amok, and the sudden deterioration of the outside woodwork proves that you should have painted the house last year.

For relief from tedium, chill and frustration. February offers television pictures of golf tournaments in California and newspaper stories of baseball heroes demanding \$70,000 to play games in the Florida sunshine. That is February's idea of relief for its victims, and there is no better example of its malevolence.

Probably there is no rational explanation of February's malevolence. But there is a partial explanation of why it surprises us a new each year.

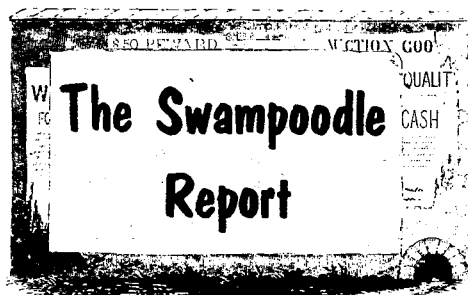
We make the mistake of thinking of February as the second month of the year, a month that comes when everyone should still feel fresh and hopeful.

Actually this is a quirk of the calendar. The true year, the human cycle, begins in September. That is when summer and vacations end, when school starts, when jobs get into gear--when there is a sense of beginning again in most of us.

So, if September is the first month, February is the sixth. February comes at the low point of the cycle, before the windy change of March and the sunny promise of April. February, then is the weariest, the coldest, the dampest, the bleakest month of all.

And because it is also the longest month, it is the hardest to endure.

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)



SPIRO Agnew went out to Illinois the other day to tell a bunch of \$100 a plate Republicans that he didn't think much of ethnic or racial quotas at colleges. Spiro called it "madness."

He really shouldn't be so ungrateful. After all, Agnew went to college under a quota system. Only thing was, back in those days the quota was for whites and ran upwards of 100% in most places. It was filled every-time.

It made things simpler. Just like selling a lot in Florida.

Spiro and friends had gathered together to celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, who had, by Agnew's standards, something less than adequate college preparation. The only way Lincoln could get into college today would be if Weyerhaeuser had a scholarship for disadvantaged logsplitters.

But then, one gets the impression that Agnew doesn't know Lincoln too well or he might not be so enthusiastic. Recently, Agnew said he wouldn't trade the whole lot of deserters and malcontents in Sweden and Canada for one of our boys in Vietnam. I wonder whether the Vice President ever saw the letter that Lincoln wrote to Joshua Speed in 1855:

"As a nation we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal.' We now practically read it 'all men are created equal, except Negroes.' When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read 'all men are created equal except Negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty--to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy."

Who would Spiro be willing to trade Lincoln for?

Things have been busy around here. On every hand, officials are taking forceful, positive action. Sterling Tucker has taken

a bold step in naming ex-Redskin Bobby Mitchell to the City Council housing committee staff. Phil Rutledge has moved decisively, reportedly narrowing the choice of new health director to persons who are doctors. The U.S. Attorney has struck out against drug abuse by putting the squeeze on the methadone clinics. And O. Roy Chalk wants another fare increase.

Most important, perhaps, is the fact that Walter Washington has presented the first urban budget ever to provide more funds for defense than for education. Some people are saying that he is spending too much on the police, and not enough on welfare. But the commissioner feels that he has provided both guns and butter. (An official at High's Dairy Stores reports that a number of persons are using guns to get butter, but that's another story).

As a District aide said the other day through his bull horn: "Mr. Washington feels that we can have peace in this city just as soon as people start leaving their neighbors alone. We have no desire to establish permanent police bases in DC. Our only desire is to protect freedom-loving and democratic people from aggression."

The city reportedly has drawn up a timetable of withdrawal but won't reveal it. Plans are underway, however, to pull some troops out of the hallways of DC schools. "We are adopting a policy of teacherization of the school conflict," an official said.

According to the Gallup poll, more people like Richard Nixon than ever before, it's getting more dangerous to defend a radical than to be one, and a Finnish scientist has come up with a spray foam to be used against demonstrators that can be combined with paint or gas. Only problem is that if the stuff is used in winter it hangs around until spring.

So you see, the march of progress is inexorable. They're even about to pass a law that will assure you that when you hear a knock on the door, it isn't the police.

Power to the bumper stickers!

Journalist Swampoodle

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NW
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COMMUNITY

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Lloyd McNeill

By Andrea O. Cohen

LLOYD McNeill (painter, printmaker, jazz musician and writer) is a multi-faceted, intricately forged human being, more richly endowed than most. Although highly articulate, he communicates much that is most important to him in non-verbal ways, which if translated into the written word comes out warped and withered.

He is not a man who appreciates reporters dithering about with his thoughts, work, or convictions. Because Lloyd McNeill is more interested in how things happen and how they are done than in end products, let me begin by telling what happened.

On a Thursday evening, I called Mr. McNeill and asked to see him. Most artists are only too happy to talk to the press. In no uncertain terms, McNeill let it be known he didn't like or trust the press and didn't like questions. He agreed to see me only after I assured him I don't much ask questions.

So the next day, and with some trepidation -- what do you ask a guy who doesn't like questions? -- I rang his doorbell and was shown upstairs by a bushy-bearded black man, in his mid-thirties, slim, not tall, whose eyes immediately revealed a hard-nosed intelligence tempered by an equally reliable intuition. He indicated the large chair behind his desk and took the smaller one facing it, which I felt to be a poor beginning and a statement of sorts. He waited. The conversation began something like this:

Me: "Can I see your paintings?"

He: "No, and there's nothing to say about them. Look if I wanted something written about me, I'd write it." (More silence)

He: "You're not doing your job."

Me: "Yeah, I know." By now, wonderfully at ease and lighting innumerable cigarettes with palsied hands, I asked "Mr. McNeill, why are you so mistrustful?" In answer, he asked me how well I know my history, and began telling me of the long history of exploitation of the black man by a white man who feels superior, and about the tensions and spirit and soul smashing effects this has had, the anger and mistrust it has aroused. He spoke of the danger of bloody revolution if fundamental change is not accomplished quickly and peaceably.

I tried, unsuccessfully, to convince him that what he was saying need not categorically and always have been and be true. Finally I asked him whether he'd like me to leave.

His answer was that if he did, he'd have the strength to say so. We began talking and continued for some hours.

Lloyd McNeill is concerned with the problems of blacks in this city and this country. He is, however, a member of no militant group. He is not a group-oriented person and does not believe in militant or violent ways of accomplishing change, unless, that is, all other options have failed.

McNeill feels the pace of change must be quickened and that this can be best accom-



plished through a strict enforcement of the laws, those pertaining to voting rights, legal rights and school desegregation. The problem in this city, lacking home rule, is that the 71% black population has little control over its destiny. For legislation and appropriations, the District is at the mercy of backwater congressmen who are both ignorant and indifferent to the city's needs and conditions. The high energies and frustrations of the young have no place to direct themselves but to crime. The system sweetly sustains itself.

Very important in Lloyd McNeill's hierarchy of essentials is that people must relate to one another, eyeball to eyeball on a level plane and exposed. He feels we're willing to work toward anything but that. But hadn't he received me as white and hostile, and therefore not to be related to? He responded by simply saying he had just let me know where I stood, and wasn't I still there, how much time later?

Very closely related to McNeill's emphasis on how people respond to other people and their environment is his over-riding concern with process.

It is the working, the doing that far outweighs in importance the end product. McNeill talks of his varied artistic adventures as being a response to his environment. He speaks of drawing as a very close thing, as creating an awareness of one's physical and metaphysical ambience and of its organization. As one sits and listens and watches him, one is aware that he takes in everything within reach, the street noises, the changes in his visual field, the alterations in his listener's state.

McNeill finally agreed to show me a very few of his recent drawings, drawings of heads, simply and solidly designed. The ink is used boldly, sometimes straight, sometimes diluted and textured. The shapes are held together by a few fine, barbed wire lines, which, though sufficient unto themselves, give the drawing body and definition.

McNeill did not begin his creative career until he was 23 and in the South for the first time. Being in Georgia in 1958, during the sit-ins, stirred him up. It isn't as though he one day woke up and said, "I am going to give expression to what I'm perceiving and experiencing." But, ultimately, that is what he began doing some eleven years ago and has been doing ever since.

(Please turn to page 16)

COMMUNITY
CALENDAR

Music

THE Left Bank Jazz Society of Washington, which sponsors national and local jazz groups in concert, holds a series at the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History on the last Saturday of each month. This time around, however, they're offering a two-day program-- on Feb. 28 at 8 p.m. and March 1 at 5 p.m. -- with an admission price of \$3.50 per concert. Featured will be McCoy Tyner and a quintet that includes Gary Bartz and Woody Shaw, and the Tony Williams Lifetime with Larry Young. Upcoming concerts will feature the likes of Nina Simone, Art Blakey, Max Roach, Ornette Coleman, Miles Davis, Archie Shepp, Dizzie Gillespie and Sonny Stitt.

This June, the society will hold a jazz festival including a symposium on jazz.

The group has about 1000 members and has launched a drive for more jazz on the radio "because the usual channels for the presentation of jazz music have been closing."

To find out more about the society, write to P. O. Box 4724, (20020) or call 396-0154 or 882-3563.

EXTRAVAGANZA, a musical variety revue with a cast of over 500 participants, will be presented at 7:30 p.m. Feb. 27 in the Cardozo High School Auditorium, 13th & Clifton, NW.

Sponsored by the DC Department of Recreation, Extravaganza will feature the McKinley High School Concert Band and Choir, the Jefferson Karate Group, the African Heritage Dancers and Drummers, the Dunbar High School Drill Team, and the Cardozo High School Band.

There will be a complete rock and roll revue designed for featuring such groups as the Passions, the Young Royals, the Formations, the Hy-Chaparrals, the Pearls, Tommy Bryant, the Giants of Sounds, and the Ambassadors Orchestra.

Tickets can be purchased at the door for \$1. For more information contact Raymond Gray at 543-1388.

HARPSICHORDIST Maria Stoesser will be guest soloist for the Baroque Arts Chamber Orchestra's free concert at 8:15 p.m. Feb. 24 at Jefferson Junior High School auditorium, 8th and H Sts., SW.

The orchestra, under the direction of William Radford-Bennet, will perform music by Handel, Bach and Mozart.

THE Choral Arts Society of Washington presents "An Evening of Italian Music," featuring the music of Monteverdi and Dalmaticola, on Feb. 22 at 8 p.m. at the National Presbyterian Church, Nebraska Ave. at Van Ness NW. Tickets range from \$3 to \$5.50 and are available at the Talbert Ticket Agency, Sears and AAA. Phone reservations: 652-6987.

THE Theater Chamber Players present works by Lezarof, Webern, Bach and Ravel on Feb. 23 at 8:30 p.m. at the Wash. Theatre Club, 23rd & L NW. 265-4700. Tickets: \$4.

THE Opera Society of Washington presents La Boheme on March 6, 8 and 11 at Lisner. 296-8660.

COMMUNITY CALENDAR

On stage

ONE-ACT PLAY TOURNAMENT

THE 42nd Annual One-Act Play Tournament, sponsored by the Department of Recreation, has announced the following tournament schedule:

March 6, Chancel Drama Group-A Raisin in the Sun; Metropolitan Experimental Theatre-Fireplay; Mt. Vernon Players-Queens of France.

March 7: Great Falls Players: Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolfe, Act III; St. Mary's College: Lovers, Act I; Dramatis Personae (Frostburg College): to be announced.

March 13: The Frederick H. Hughes Memorial Theatre: Sing to Me Through Open Windows; Church of the Resurrection: to be announced; Dunbarton Players: This Property Is Condemned.

March 14: Montgomery Players, Inc.: Bessie the Bandit's Beautiful Baby or Curses on My Fatal Beauty; Arlington Theatre Associates: The Farce of the Worthy Master Pierre Patelin; Beth-El Players: The Public Ear.

March 15: Silver Spring Repertory Company: Ugly Duckling; Adventure Theatre (In School Players): Tarradiddle Tales; Round-About Players (Frostburg College): to be announced.

March 20: Silver Spring Community Players: Curse You, Jack Dalton; Chevy Chase Players: No Exit; Saints: The Hairy Falsetto.

THE HOUSE OF ATREUS STONE. Catholic University Theatre, 4th & Mich. NE. (Mondays dark). 529-6000, ext. 358.

IMBISS Productions present Celebration on Feb. 21 at 8:30 p.m. and Feb. 22 at 2:30 p.m. at the Trinity Theatre, 36th & O NW. Tickets \$2 and \$3. 832-7919.

THE Back Alley Theater presents A, an original music and drama presentation performed and written by Dianne Anderson, on Feb. 20 and 21 at 1365 Kennedy NW. Showtime is 8:30 and tickets are available at the door.

A NEW musical, Do You Know Where Your Children Are?, presented by the GW Players, plays through Feb. 21 at the New University Center Theater, 21st & I NW.

TANKRED Dorst, German playwright and writer in residence at Oberlin College, Ohio, will read and discuss in German his play Toller on March 31 at 8 p.m. at the German Embassy. This drama deals with the experiences of the poet Ernest Toller, jailed for his pacifist convictions in the early Twenties. The meeting is sponsored by the German Language Society. A social hour will follow. For ticket information call 667-4971.

CHILDREN'S Theatre of Washington, sponsored by the D.C. Department of Recreation, presents the Junior League Players in an original rock musical, "Aesop's Fables," at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. March 7 at Abraham Lincoln Junior High School, 16th and Lamont NW.

Reserved seats are 75¢ and general admission is 50¢. Tickets are available at any Department of Recreation playground, from any PTA representative, or from Children's Theatre of Washington, 3149 16th St., NW. All mail orders will be promptly filled. Include check and self addressed envelope in mail orders.

For more information call 629-7383, 332-1843 or HU 3-5490.

OWNERS of the Keys, contemporary drama by Czechoslovakian playwright Milan Kundera, will have its American premiere on March 12 at the American University Theatre. The production will also be presented March 13, 14, and 18 through 21 at 8:30 p.m. on the campus at Mass. & Nebraska Aves. NW. The box office opens March 2; mail and phone orders are accepted. Write or call the American University Theatre, Washington, DC, 20016; phone 244-6333.

THE Anacostia Neighborhood Museum presents the following:

Black and Brown Interludes, dancing and skits on black history by the SE Neighborhood House Parkchester Cultural Arts Center, Feb. 20 at 7:30 p.m.

Black History: Past, Present and Future, an evening of dance and drama, Feb. 25 at 7:30 p.m.

Take Care of Business, a play by the Ravens, drama group of the Eastern Branch Boys' Club, Feb. 27 at 7:30 p.m.

The museum is located at 2405 Nichols Ave. SE

Measles shots



Special regular measles immunization clinics for children from one through seven years of age are scheduled for Saturday, Feb. 21. The clinics will be

held at seven Health Department locations and will be open from 12 noon to 6 p.m..

Regular measles is not the same as German measles. Immunization against regular measles requires shots that are different than those required for German measles.

The free immunization is available to children who have permission slips signed by their parents. Protection against regular measles will be given by jet injectors, with no needles used. The clinics will be at the following Health Department locations:

Northwest Health Center, 1325 Upshur, NW
Health Center for Mothers and Children, 15th & G, NE
Health Center for Mothers and Children, 4130 Hunt Pl., NE
Potomac Gardens, 1227 G, SE
Berret Building, 14th & Q, NW
Anacostia Health Center, 1329 W, SE
Congress Heights Health Center, 3855 8th SE.

Sports

HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL

(All games start at 3:30 p.m.)

Feb. 20: McKinley vs. Chamberlain at Eastern, Spingarn at Anacostia, Ballou vs. Phelps at Spingarn, Coolidge vs. Wilson at American U., Bell vs. Cardozo at Roosevelt, Western vs. Dunbar at McKinley.

Feb. 24: McKinley at Anacostia, Phelps at Spingarn, Ballou at Eastern, Western vs. Wilson at Roosevelt, Dunbar vs. Cardozo at McKinley, Roosevelt vs. Bell at Lincoln Jr. High.

Feb. 25: Bell vs. Wilson at Roosevelt, Roosevelt vs. Coolidge at McKinley.

Feb. 26: Cardozo vs. Western at Roosevelt.

Feb. 27: Chamberlain at Anacostia, McKinley vs. Phelps at Spingarn, Spingarn at Eastern, Dunbar vs. Wilson at Roosevelt, Roosevelt vs. Western at McKinley.

Ward One

LIBRARIES

THE Mt. Pleasant Library, 16th & Lamont NW, will show two films for adults on March 2 at 4:30 p.m. The films are Heritage of the Negro and Ancient Peruvian.

McNEILL Cont'd

Lloyd McNeill speaks of "the curse of being obligated to the creative process." When he says this he means, in part, that he can't help but wonder whether life wouldn't be simpler if he saw and noticed and responded to fewer stimuli and just confined himself to more mundane eight hour day caverns. His comment is, however, also a judgment on the Washington art scene. Lloyd McNeill doesn't feel fully accepted in this town, laden as it is with artsy labels, none of which define him or by which he'd permit himself to be defined. On the other hand, his work is acknowledged and too many demands (like mine) are made on his time.

When McNeill talks about the creative process and about his teaching, it becomes clear that his wondering about whether he has made the right choices is irrelevant. One thinks of Martin Luther who, in terms of his time said and did all the wrong things, and then said, "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise." Through the process of creating and performing, McNeill believes he learns to know himself, to trust his instincts and intellect, while ferreting out his limitations. He comes onto untried paths and uncovers new ways of proceeding.

On the 28th of March Lloyd McNeill plays a concert at the National Collection of Fine Arts. He has a number of concerts scheduled in May with the Capitol Ballet at the Smithsonian Institute.

FROM PAGE 15

McNeill has taught at Spellman, in Atlanta; Howard (whose reactionary policies he opposes); and Dartmouth College. He now teaches at Rutgers. McNeill feels an almost slavish obligation to teaching. His whole orientation is one of imposing change in a humanist-oriented way.

McNeill believes that as a teacher it is his duty to expose his students to the workings of life and the techniques of working. This is very difficult when so much of what the adult knows and lives and operates by is almost second nature, once consciously learned, later becoming almost habitual and automatic. The teacher does, however, have the advantage of age. Kids revolt because they can find no replacements for the things they have repudiated. A good teacher can help youngsters find paths and make choices. Answers, McNeill says, have to relate to viable next steps, and to that end teaching must be in terms of what is of concern here and now. He speaks of our "historical necrophilia," a situation which makes us ignore or violate the present.

A good teacher, says McNeill, has to generate excitement, curiosity and inspiration, and to that end has to be exciting and curious and inspired. Like McNeill.

COMMUNITY CALENDAR

Ward Two

LIBRARIES

The SW Library holds a weekly "Picture Book Time" for children 3 and 4 years old at the Pink Room, 203 N SW, from 2 to 2:30 p.m. on Mondays.

The SW Library, Wesley Place and K SW, shows movies for children each Friday at 4 p.m. and each Saturday at 2 p.m.

The SW Library holds a weekly "Picture Book Time" for children 3 and 4 years old at 1245-A Carrolsburg Place, SW, from 2 to 2:30 p.m. on Wednesdays.

RELIGION

A FOLK Communion service will be held at First Trinity Lutheran Church, 501 4th NW, on Feb. 22. Both services begin at 4:30 p.m.

MEETINGS

THE SW Neighborhood Assembly meets Feb. 26 at St. Matthews Lutheran Church, 222 M SW, at 8 p.m. Speaker will be Cody Pfansteil of Metro.

Ward Three

PARENTS GROUP

The Northwest Parents Action Group is an organization of Third Ward parents "organized around community issues, primarily relating to education. Main functions are informing members and engaging in political action." NPAG puts out an informative newsletter and meets monthly. Dues are \$10 a year, payable at 3012 Tennyson, NW. Information: 966-7431.

LIBRARIES

THE Tenley-Friendship Branch Library, Wisc. & Albermarle NW, shows free films on Wednesday evenings at 7:30 p.m. Upcoming schedule:

Feb. 25: "White Mane." (The story of a boy and a wild horse set in the Camargue district of southern France. An international award winner.) "Fun Factory." (Footage of some of the classic slapstick films of the silent movie era.)

The Tenley-Friendship Branch Library, Wisc. & Albermarle NW, will show movies for children on Feb. 27 at 3:30 p.m.

SEMINAR

SEMINAR on drugs. "The Abuser, Why Does He Do It?" Dr. Louise G. Richards, Bureau of Narcotics. Feb. 27, 1 p.m. at the Guy Mason Recreation Center, Wisc. and Calvert NW. Sponsored by DC Recreation and Park Society.

Ward Five

LIBRARIES

THE Woodridge Library, 18th & RI Ave. NE, has special children's programs on Tuesdays at 4 p.m.

Ward Six

LIBRARIES

THE popular television program for children "Sesame Street" can be viewed at the NE Library, 7th & Md. NE, Monday through Friday at 9 a.m.

The NE Library, 7th & Md. NE, will show children's movies on Feb. 28 and March 14 at 2 p.m.

Movies for children will be shown at the

SE Library, 7th & D SE, on March 5 at 4 p.m.

THE NE Branch Library, 7th & D NE, will present three free films on Feb. 25 at 7 p.m. The films are Ishi in Two Worlds, a study of an aboriginal Indian civilization, Discovering the Music of Africa, and Williamsburg Restored.

SPORTS

THE All-Star Basketball Games between players from Region H and the Metropolitan Police Boys' Club will be on Feb. 25 at Hine Recreation Center, 7th & C, SE.

The aged 12 and under players will compete at 7 p.m. and the 13-15 year olds will play at 8 p.m.

MEETINGS

THE Capitol East Community Organization's Delegate Assembly meets Feb. 24 at Holy Comforter School, 15th & East Capitol, 7:30 p.m.

THE Capitol Hill Action Group meets March 1 at St. Mark's Church, 3rd & A SE, at 8 p.m.

BOOK FAIR

A BOOK fair, with emphasis on children's books, will be held at Van Ness Elementary School on March 9-11 during regular school hours. The school is located at 5th & M SE.

Ward Seven

DINNER

HADLEY Memorial Hospital Women's Auxiliary is sponsoring a George Washington's Birthday Spaghetti Dinner Feb. 22, from 6 to 8 p.m. in the social room of the Pennsylvania Ave. Seventh Day Adventist Church at Penna. & Southern Aves., SE. A white elephant sale will also be held at the same time. Proceeds from both the dinner and the sale will be used to support Auxiliary projects which include two free medical clinics. Tickets are on sale at Hadley Hospital Gift Shop or you may call JO2-9800 ext. 175.

Ward Eight

HEALTH PROGRAMS

THE Varney Street Community Health Clinic is now opened every Wednesday and Thursday evening from 6 to 9 p.m. There will be a pediatrics clinic Monday, Feb. 23, from 6 to 9 p.m. A special clinic for family and individual problems will be offered every Tuesday evening from 6 to 8 p.m. and a well-baby clinic will be held every Wednesday morning from 9 a.m. 'til noon. In addition, the clinic will be opened Mondays from 12:30 to 2:00 p.m.; Tuesdays from 1:00 to 3:00 p.m.; Thursdays from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m., and Fridays from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.

TALKS

On Feb. 22 at 3 p.m. three Anacostia youths discuss their trip to Africa last summer, at the Anacostia Museum, 2405 Nichols Ave. SE.

CORRECTION

Through a typographical error, Mrs. Jean Berman, a program development specialist with the Day Care and Child development Council of America, was misquoted in the Jan. 8 issue. The quote, in the article "Day Care in DC" should read: "Day care, nursery school and babysitting should offer the same quality of educational experience. They don't, of course, but if they did, you would not be able to tell from the children's activities whether they were in a group home or a nursery school." The word not was inadvertently omitted.

Foot notes

MALCOLM KOVACS

NEGRO Dr. Raymond Standard is the acting director of the DC Health Department, which has been a very sick patient for a long time. Standard has been the man in charge since Murray Grant did us the favor of leaving town after getting heavy criticism from community health activists for his insensitive and inept performance.

Shortly after Murray Grant left, Walter Washington set up a Health Task Force to suggest improvements in the department. Washington has dumped on most of the task force's proposals, including one that an open nationwide search be conducted to secure an excellent replacement. Instead, the "Mayor" man, Phil Rutledge, has refused to allow such an open and comprehensive search which might have included community participants and specified criteria--like the potential director's involvement in community medicine, receptivity to innovation and administrative ability.

Rutledge was recently joined in his support for Standard by the Rev. Douglas Moore, chairman of the Black United Front, and a man usually out front in pushing for change. Rev. Moore assembled a number of Negro and white medical professionals to add their approval to Standard's candidacy. Moore and some of the other Standard boosters praise him for two main reasons: he's here and he's black, or at least he looks black. But his record reveals nothing less than a Murray Grant-in-blackface:

- Chain-smoking Raymond Standard has been with the shameful DC Health Department for a decade. He has also maintained a private practice and is involved in an outside real estate venture with some fellow Negro professionals.

- He has opposed the creation of community boards for neighborhood health clinics, although they were recommended by both the City Council and the Health Task Force.

- He has dragged his feet on the city's new \$600,000 methadone maintenance program to the point where Senator Tydings said last week that he would try to take the program away from the Health Department. (Perhaps the money should go instead to Col. Hassan's Blackman's Development Centers.)

- Standard recently endorsed a Georgetown University proposal to run DC General, affronting Howard University, which also has an interest in participating.

- Standard has rejected the chance to help DC women make use of the recently outlawed abortion statute. He said that the Health Department was rejecting women's appeals to permit abortions at DC General because of objections from the city's two medical societies, both of which are conservative and male-dominated. Influential Cardinal O'Boyle has also opposed liberalization.

Among those groups which have pushed unsuccessfully for a humane abortion policy were the Health Task Force, the DC Commission on the Status of Women, Welfare Rights, Medical Committee on Human Rights, Womens Liberation, and the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry.

Once again Walter Washington has created a citizens group--in this case the Health Task Force--and once again he has rejected proposals to include the participation of those outside the closed inner-circle of city hall and professional hacks.

The result is another product of the old system which has failed to meet our health needs -- and other social service needs -- for years. Raymond Standard is the logical choice for Phil Rutledge and Walter Washington. That's a tragedy. But the real tragedy is that black Washingtonians will have to continue to pay the price of poor health.

THE media's unbalanced coverage of the recent City Council freeway hearings confirms once again the close ties and common

(Please turn to page 18)

KOVACS Cont'd

FROM PAGE 17

interests of the Washington media and the business establishment.

WETA-TV, Channel 26, let it be known prior to the beginning of the hearings that they would turn off their cameras if there were any "disruptions." Only the Council was to be permitted the privilege of grandstanding.

Although anti-freeway witnesses outnumbered those supporting the freeway by about ten to one, the Post in particular tried to distort that fact by giving prominent coverage to major freeway proponents like DC Highway Director Tom Airis. (Airis' wife has been active in her Montgomery County civic group to stop freeways there, Sammie Abbott pointed out to the City Council. Let freeways destroy city neighborhoods, but keep them well away from suburban Potomac, Maryland, where the Airis family lives.)

The Post reported Airis' testimony at length and at face value under the questionable headline, "DC Road Chief Puts Housing Before Freeways." Only the very gullible will really believe that. Moreover, Corporation Counsel Charles Duncan has recently issued an advisory opinion which calls into question the right of the District to authorize housing construction using air rights without congressional approval. So even if Airis were sincerely committed to putting "housing

before freeways," it is now doubtful that this housing can be built.

Another deceptive Post article was titled "Central Freeway Called Vital" and reported primarily the views of Montgomery County Councilman Richmond Kenney, whose support for freeways is the exception in his county, where citizen's groups and politicians have recently come out in large numbers to delay freeway additions. The opposition was given only a brief mention in the last paragraph of the article.

As if this weren't distortion enough, the Post printed next to this story a half-page long photograph showing an underview of an elevated highway. The giant photo was captioned innocently, "The graceful, sweeping lines of the ramp connecting the 11th St. Bridge and the Southwest Freeway show highways can have aesthetics."

The Post has also very selectively reported news on the Three Sisters Bridge. The recent accidental explosion at the bridge site was given a large, lead story with two big photos on the front page of the City Life section. The important story on the not-so-accidental destruction at the bridge site last November got only a brief mention at the bottom of the page.

THE Cherry Blossom Festival has been regular sideshow by and for the Washington business community--and, most particularly, for those businesses which are direct beneficiaries of our big and growing tourist industry. Each festival has provided the kick-off for bigger and better tourist seasons--except when unscheduled domestic rebellions occur and the tourist industry suffers accordingly.

The federal military and DC government leaders have cooperated closely with this business promotion. The festival gained special attention last year, you may remember, when one of the military escorts of one of the white "princesses" publicly criticized the exclusion of blacks from the festival.

This year's festival is scheduled for April 7-12. This year's general chairman of the festival will be vice president and general manager of the Evening Star Broadcasting Co., Frederick Houwink. (See January's Washingtonian for a good article on the parochial Star family.)

Like the national Miss America contest, the local Cherry Blossom Festival is big on exploiting pretty girls for commercial purposes, for being generally racially exclusive, and for making the whole affair very "patriotic" by bringing in the military. Sexism, racism, militarism and commercialism -- and all in one gala event!

SHALES Cont'd

ed, jingo-hawk war editorial across the front page. In those days, The Examiner was sold on a few newsstands, besides the free bus distribution, and I remember seeing a man put fifteen cents in the machine at the corner of Wisconsin and M in Georgetown, not to buy an Examiner, but for the privilege of crossing out the editorial with a red magic marker, leaving the paper where it was.

There were some good things about The Examiner. It looked fine, for one thing. Andrew Bornstein, who originally designed it, managed to talk Chalk into a few innovations, like a four-column format, unusual for a tabloid, and a handsome, sans serif type face (Universe) for the heads and body copy. Usually, however, Chalk would listen to anybody but his own staff for advice, and that included rightwing dowager Maryland McCormack, whose husband owned the infamous Chicago Tribune.

During one arduous Saturday session at Chalk's New York Avenue conference room ("This place looks like a whorehouse," said our editor when he saw the red velvet and little gold chairs), Chalk listened to hack journalists from his New York Spanish papers and fuddy-duddy advertising men to whom the slightest originality was heresy. They said that what people wanted in newspapers was horoscopes, recipes and crossword puzzles, and they told me the entertainment section needed more girly pictures.

These meetings were regular rituals at the beginning. One of the earliest was at Chalk's Walnut Hill place in Virginia, where the house has pink marble floors. Chalk had assembled a bunch of potential advertisers to meet us, the staff; we all sat at one table except for our sole girl member, who was directed to mingle with the bald-headed blue serge types while Chalk made an awkward speech in which he promised an "Expo," which to him and him alone meant "expose," no less than once a week, although it was the first any of us had heard about it.

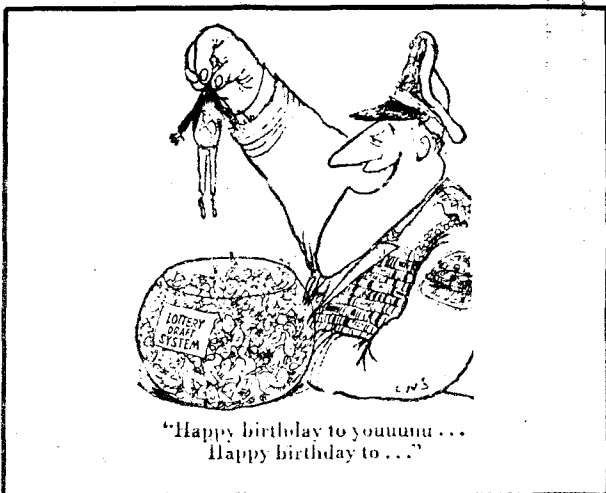
The air conditioning had failed on this sultry summer day and the convocation took on a funereal air that seems appropriate in retrospect. One Virginia man stood up to say how much he hated that dastardly liberal Washington Post and it slurs on the grand old South, and Chalk promised another that, yes, The Examiner would have Real Estate

News. Once, while Chalk was leaving the room to fix the record player that was stuck on "Funiculi, Funicula," a wad of bills flopped out of his pocket. "Look!" I said to someone next to me, "Fifty Thousand Dollars!" But it was only five.

Cleaning out my desk at The Examiner the other day, I paused to look again at a letter on the bulletin board signed in green by Chalk. It was an expression of appreciation to the Examiner staff for the extra work we went through to put out three daily papers during a city newspaper strike, and it was the one decent thing I was aware of Chalk's ever having done for us. I told the business manager that and he laughed. "I dictated that letter myself," he said, "and Chalk's secretary signed it." Chalk didn't even know it had been written.

Like everyone who ever worked for The Examiner, Damon Runyon, Jr. became frustrated and depressed. But he used to keep us occupied during lunches with great stories about oldtime journalism, about his red-baiting days as a Commie hunter (part of his paranoia; he was also a flying saucer buff) and the last gasps of the New York Herald-Tribune. One day Damon was telling us about a comic he knew at a New York hangout who did, Damon said, the greatest routine he'd ever seen.

The comic would appear before an audience and read the To Be Or Not To Be soliloquy from Hamlet--only for laughs. But what's funny about that, we asked Damon. "Well don't you get it?" he said, "Don't you get it?" and he started to recite the lines as the comic had, to absolutely no response from us.



And now when I think of The Examiner, and I hope I don't very often, I think of Damon that day, repeating over and over in desperation, as if he could ever have convinced us, "Imagine . . . Hamlet as a comedy."

Just imagine.

Classified Ads

RATES: Short public service type announcements printed free of charge. All other classifieds: 5¢ a word. \$1 minimum. Mail to the Gazette, 109 8th St. NE, Washington DC 20002, or call us at 543-5850.

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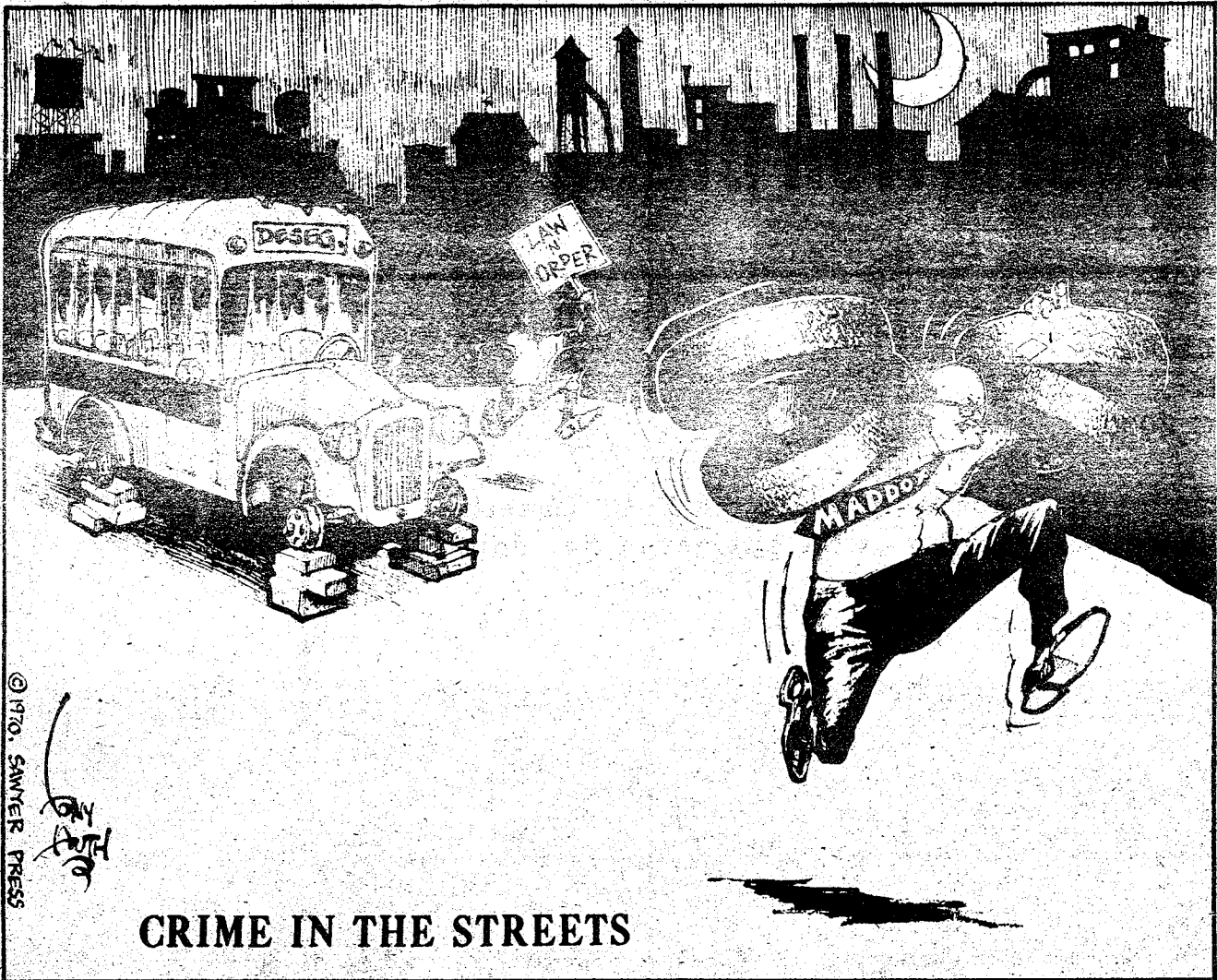
ROSE marble mantle and wire dictaphone. Best offer. Call Sat. between 5 and 8 p.m. LI 6-7666.

ASTROLOGY charts with 1970 progressions. \$25. Call 547-6211 mornings.

VOLUNTEERS

VOLUNTEERS with a free morning or afternoon during the week are needed to help conduct a survey on the views of all congressmen and senators towards environmental issues. For further information, contact Tommee Tod, Environmental Action in Washington, 737-6650.

FRIENDSHIP House needs at least 20 more tutors. Four or five families call each week and we are unable to help them. If you can spare a few hours in the afternoon, you might be able to help a child get a better grasp of the English language. Most of the children who need help are between 8 and 12. Contact Friendship House, 619 D SE, 547-8880.



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